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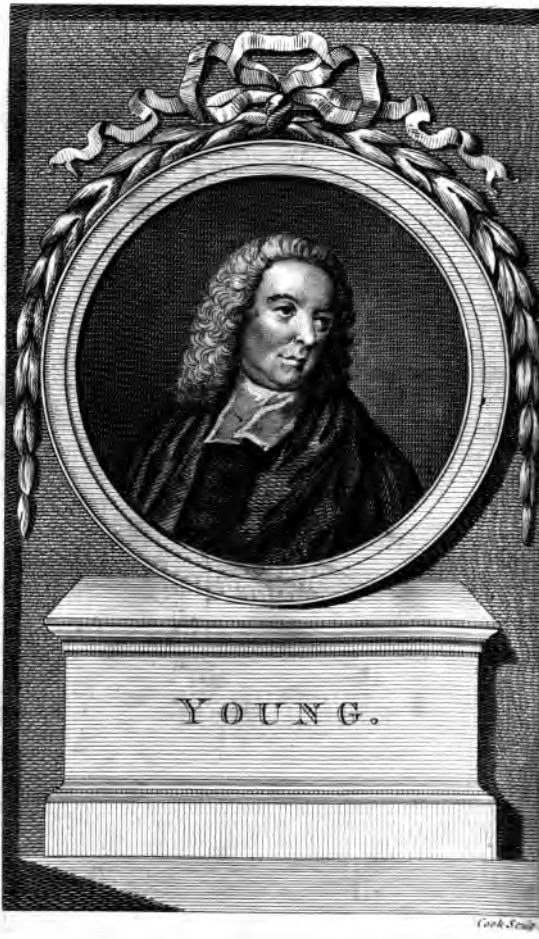
YOUNG.
Cook. Sculp.

THE POEM OF YOUN

VOLUME I.

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YOUNG.
Cook Sculp.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FIFTIETH.

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M DCC LXXIX.

[redacted]

THE

POEMS

OF

YOUNG.

VOLUME I.

a 2

To fix the ſoul on God; to teach the mind
To know the dignity of human-kind;
By ſtricter rules well-govern'd life to ſcan,
And practiſe o'er the angel in the man.

Magd. Coll. Oxon. T. WARTON

TO A LADY, WITH THE LAST DAY.

MADAM,

HERE, ſacred truths, in lofty numbers told,
The proſpect of a future ſtate unfold:
The realms of night to mortal view diſplay,
And the glad regions of eternal day.
This daring author ſcorns, by vulgar ways
Of guilty wit, to merit worthleſs praiſe.
Full of her glorious theme, his towering Muſe,
With gen'rous zeal, a nobler fame purſues:
Religion's cauſe her raviſh'd heart inſpires,
And with a thouſand bright ideas fires;
Tranſports her quick, impatient, piercing eye,
O'er the ſtrait limits of mortality,
To boundleſs orbs, and bids her fearleſs ſoar,
Where only Milton gain'd renown before;
Where various ſcenes alternately excite
Amazement, pity, terror, and delight.

Thus did the Muſes ſing in early times,
Ere ſkill'd to flatter vice, and varniſh crimes:
Their lyres were tun'd to virtuous ſongs alone,
And the chaſte poet, and the prieſt, were one.

VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

NOW let the Atheiſt tremble; Thou alone
Can bid his conſcious heart the Godhead own.
Whom ſhalt thou not reform? O thou haſt ſeen,
How God deſcends to judge the ſouls of men.
Thou heard'ſt the ſentence how the guilty mourn,
Driven out from God, and never muſt return.

Yet more, behold ten thouſand thunders fall,
And ſudden vengeance wrap the flaming ball:
When nature ſunk, when every bolt was hurl'd,
Thou ſaw'ſt the boundleſs ruins of the world.

When guilty Sodom felt the burning rain,
And ſulphur fell on the devoted plain;
The patriarch thus, the fiery tempeſt paſt,
With pious horror view'd the deſart waſte;
The reſtleſs ſmoke ſtill wav'd its curls around,
For ever riſing from the glowing ground.

But tell me, oh! what heavenly pleaſure tell,
To think ſo greatly, and deſcribe ſo well!
How waſt thou pleas'd the wondrous theme to try,
And find the thought of man could riſe ſo high?
Beyond this world the labour to purſue,
And open all ETERNITY to view?

But thou art beſt delighted to rehearſe
Heaven's holy dictates in exalted verſe:
O thou haſt power the harden'd heart to warm,
To grieve, to raiſe, to terrify, to charm;

TO THE AUTHOR,

ON HIS LAST DAY AND UNIVERSAL PASSIC

AND muſt it be as thou haſt ſung,
Celeſtial bard, ſeraphic Young?
Will there no trace, no point be found
Of all this ſpacious glorious round?
Yon lamps of light, muſt they decay?
On nature's ſelf, deſtruction prey?
Then fame, the moſt immortal thing
Ev'n thou canſt hope, is on the wing.
Shall Newton's Syſtem be admir'd,
When time and motion are expir'd?
Shall ſouls be curious to explore
Who rul'd an orb that is no more?
Or ſhall they quote the pictur'd age,
From Pope's and Thy corrective page,
When vice and virtue loſe their name
In deathleſs joy, or endleſs ſhame?
While wears away the grand machine,
The works of genius ſhall be ſeen:
Beyond, what laurels can there be,
For Homer, Horace, Pope, or Thee?
Through life we chaſe, with fond purſuit,
What mocks our hope, like Sodom's fruit:
And ſure, thy plan was well deſign'd,
To cure this madneſs of the mind;
Firſt, beyond time our thoughts to raiſe;
Then laſh our love of tranſient praiſe.
In both, we own thy doctrine juſt;
And fame's a breath, and men are duſt.

1736. J. BANC

THE LAST DAY.

BOOK I.

" Ipſe pater, media nimborum in nocte, coruſca
" Fulmina molitur dextra. Quo maxima motu
" Terra tremit: fugêre feræ! et mortalia corda
" Per gentes humilis ſtravit pavor." VIRG.

WHILE others ſing the fortune of the Great;
Empire and Arms, and all the pomp of State;
With Britain's Hero* ſet their ſouls on fire,
And grow immortal as his deeds inſpire;
I draw a deeper ſcene: a ſcene that yields
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields;
The world-alarm'd, both earth and heaven o'erthrown,
And gaſping nature's laſt tremendous groan;
Death's antient ſceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
The righteous Judge, and man's eternal doom.
'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold deſign,
And aſk my anxious heart, if it be mine.
Whatever great or dreadful has been done
Within the ſight of conſcious ſtars or ſun,
Is far beneath my daring: I look down
On all the ſplendors of the Britiſh crown.

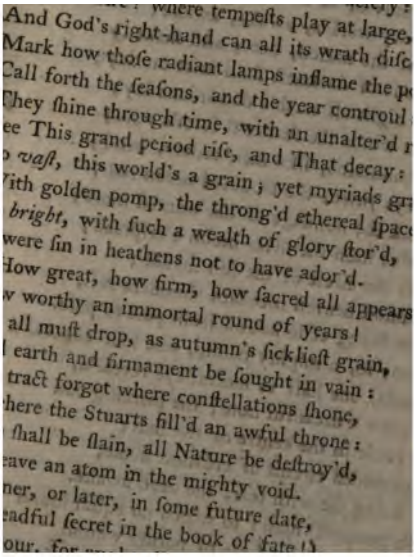
* The Duke of Marlborough.

This globe is for my verſe a narrow bound;
Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around!
O! all ye angels, howſoe'er diſjoin'd,
Of every various order, place, and kind,
Hear, and aſſiſt, a feeble mortal's lays;
'Tis our Eternal King I ſtrive to praiſe.

But chiefly Thou, great Ruler! Lord of all!
Before whoſe throne Arch-angels proſtrate fall;
If at thy nod, from diſcord, and from night,
Sprang beauty, and yon ſparkling worlds of light,
Exalt e'en me; all inward tumults quell;
The clouds and darkneſs of my mind diſpel;
To my great ſubject Thou my breaſt inſpire,
And raiſe my labouring ſoul with equal fire.

Man, bear thy brow aloft, view every grace
In God's great offspring, beauteous nature's face:
See ſpring's gay bloom; ſee golden autumn's ſtore;
See how earth ſmiles, and hear old ocean roar.
Leviathans but heave their cumberous mail,
It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies ſail.
Here, foreſts riſe, the mountain's awful pride;
Here, rivers meaſure climes, and worlds divide;
There, vallies fraught with gold's reſplendent ſeeds,
Hold kings, and kingdoms fortunes, in their beds:
There, to the ſkies, aſpiring hills aſcend,
And into diſtant lands their ſhades extend.
View cities, armies, fleets; of fleets the pride,
See Europe's law, in Albion's channel ride.
View the whole earth's vaſt landſkip unconfin'd,
Or view in Britain all her glories join'd.

Then


where tempeſts play at large,
And God's right-hand can all its wrath diſc
Mark how thoſe radiant lamps inflame the p
Call forth the ſeaſons, and the year controul
They ſhine through time, with an unalter'd r
ee This grand period riſe, and That decay:
o *vaſt*, this world's a grain; yet myriads gr
Vith golden pomp, the throng'd ethereal ſpac
bright, with ſuch a wealth of glory ſtor'd,
were ſin in heathens not to have ador'd.
How great, how firm, how ſacred all appears
w worthy an immortal round of years!
all muſt drop, as autumn's ſickleſt grain,
earth and firmament be ſought in vain:
tract forgot where conſtellations ſhone,
here the Stuarts fill'd an awful throne:
ſhall be ſlain, all Nature be deſtroy'd,
ave an atom in the mighty void.
ner, or later, in ſome future date,
adful ſecret in the book of fate!)
our, for

While the ſtill buſy world is treading o'er
The paths they trod five thouſand years before,
Thoughtleſs as thoſe who *now* life's mazes run,
Of earth diſſolv'd, or an extinguiſh'd ſun;
(Ye ſublunary worlds, awake, awake!
Ye rulers of the nation, hear, and ſhake!)
Thick clouds of darkneſs ſhall ariſe on day;
In ſudden night all earth's dominions lay;
Impetuous winds the ſcatter'd foreſts rend;
Eternal mountains, like their cedars, bend;
The valleys yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
And break the bondage of his wonted ſhore;
A ſanguine ſtain the ſilver moon o'erſpread;
Darkneſs the circle of the ſun invade;
From inmoſt heaven inceſſant thunders roll,
And the ſtrong echo bound from pole to pole.

When, lo, a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful note; the piercing call
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball;
Th' extended circuit of creation ſhake,
The living die with fear, the dead awake.

Oh powerful blaſt! to which no equal ſound
Did e'er the frighted ear of nature wound,
Though rival clarions have been ſtrain'd on high,
And kindled wars immortal through the ſky,
Though God's whole enginery diſcharg'd, and all
The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.

Have angels ſinn'd? and ſhall not man beware?
How ſhall a ſon of earth decline the ſnare?

This is the ſcene of combat, not of reſt,
Man's is laborious happineſs at beſt;
On this ſide death his dangers never ceaſe,
His joys are joys of conqueſt, not of peace.
If then, obſequious to the will of fate,
And bending to the terms of human ſtate,
When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
When beauty ſmiles, or grandeur ſpreads her c
The conſcious ſoul would *this* great ſcene diſpla
All down th' immortal hoſts in dread array,
The trumpet ſound, the Chriſtian banner ſpread,
And raiſe from ſilent graves the trembling dead;
With deep impreſſion would the picture make,
Power on earth her firm reſolve could ſhake;
Hag'd with angels ſhe would greatly ſtand,
look regardleſs down on ſea and land;
proffer'd worlds her ardour could reſtrain,
death might ſhake his threatening lance in va
certain conqueſt would endear the fight,
danger ſerve but to exalt delight.

All that is lovely in the noxious ſnake,
Provokes our fear, and bids us flee the brake:
The ſting once drawn, his guiltleſs beauties riſe
In pleaſing luſtre, and detain our eyes;
We view with joy, what once did horror move,
And ſtrong averſion ſoftens into love.

Say then, my Muſe, whom diſmal ſcenes delight,
Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night;
Say, melancholy maid, if bold to dare
The laſt extremes of terror and deſpair;
Oh ſay, what change on earth, what heart in man,
This blackeſt moment ſince the world began.

Ah mournful turn! the bliſsful earth, who late
At leiſure on her axle roll'd in ſtate;
While thouſand golden planets knew no reſt,
Still onward in their circling journey preſt;
A grateful change of ſeaſons ſome to bring,
And ſweet viciſſitude of fall and ſpring:
Some through vaſt oceans to conduct the keel,
And ſome thoſe watery worlds to ſink, or ſwell:
Around her ſome their ſplendors to diſplay,
And gild her globe with tributary day:
This world ſo great, of joy the bright abode,
Heaven's darling child, and favourite of her God,
Now looks an exile from her Father's care,
Deliver'd o'er to darkneſs and deſpair.
No ſun in radiant glory ſhines on high;
No light, but from the terrors of the ſky:
Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers loſt,
And all into a ſecond chaos toſt:

One univerſal ruin ſpreads abroad;
Nothing is ſafe beneath the throne of God.
Such, earth, thy fate: what then canſt thou afford
To comfort and ſupport thy guilty lord?
Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
How muſt he bend his ſoul's ambition down?
Proſtrate, the reptile own, and diſavow
His boaſted ſtature, and aſſuming brow?
Claim kindred with the clay, and curſe his form,
That ſpeaks diſtinction from his ſifter worm?
What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade!
Lord, why doſt thou forſake, whom thou haſt made?
Who can ſuſtain thy anger? Who can ſtand
Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand?
It flies the reach of thought; oh ſave me, Power
Of powers ſupreme, in that tremendous hour!
Thou who beneath the frown of fate haſt ſtood,
And in thy dreadful agony ſweat blood;
Thou, who for me, through every throbbing vein,
Haſt felt the keeneſt edge of mortal pain;
Whom death led captive through the realms below,
And taught thoſe horrid myſteries of woe;
Defend me, O my God! Oh ſave me, Power
Of powers ſupreme, in that tremendous hour!
From eaſt to weſt they fly, from pole to line,
Imploring ſhelter from the wrath divine;
Beg flames to wrap, or whelming ſeas to ſweep,
Or rocks to yawn, compaſſionately deep:
Seas caſt the monſter forth to meet his doom,
And rocks but priſon up for wrath to come.

So

So fares a traitor to an earthly crown;
While death ſits threatening in his prince's frown,
His heart's diſmay'd; and now his fears command,
To change his native for a diſtant land:
Swift orders fly, the king's ſevere decree
Stands in the channel, and locks up the ſea;
The port he ſeeks, obedient to her lord,
Hurls back the rebel to his lifted ſword.
But why this idle toil to paint *that* day?
This time elaborately thrown away?
Words all in vain pant after the diſtreſs,
The height of eloquence would make it leſs;
Heavens! how the *good* man trembles!—
And is there a Laſt Day? and muſt there come
A ſure, a fix'd, inexorable doom?
Ambition ſwell, and, thy proud ſails to ſhow,
Take all the winds that Vanity can blow;
Wealth on a golden mountain blazing ſtand,
And reach an India forth in either hand;
Spread all thy purple cluſters, tempting *vine*,
And thou, more dreaded foe, bright *beauty*, ſhine;
Shine all; in all your charms together riſe;
That all, in all your charms, I may deſpiſe,
While I mount upward on a ſtrong deſire,
Borne, like Elijah, in a car of fire.
In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd!
To ſmile at death! to long to be diſſolv'd!
From our decays a pleaſure to receive!
And kindle into tranſport at a grave!

...ithomless delight
..., Thou art all; nor find I in the wh
Creation aught, but God and my own sou
For ever then, my soul, thy God adore,
Nor let the brute creation praise him more.
Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
And flush my conscious cheek with spreading
They all for him pursue, or quit, their end;
The mounting flames their burning power susp
In solid heaps th' unfrozen billows stand,
To rest and silence aw'd by his command:
Nay, the dire monsters that infest the flood,
By nature dreadful, and athirst for blood,
His will can calm, their savage tempers bind,
nd turn to mild protectors of mankind.
'd not the prophet this great truth maintain
the deep chambers of the gloomy main;
hen darkness round him all her horrors spread,
l the loud ocean bellow'd o'er his head?
Then now the thunder roars, the lightenin
all the warring winds

Nor tears, nor prayers, the tempeſt can appeaſe;
Now they devote their treaſure to the ſeas;
Unload their ſhatter'd barque, though richly fraught,
And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought
With gems and gold; but oh, the ſtorm ſo high!
Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.

The trembling prophet then, themſelves to ſave,
They headlong plunge into the briny wave;
Down he deſcends, and, booming o'er his head,
The billows cloſe; he 's number'd with the dead.
(Hear, O ye juſt! attend, ye virtuous few!
And the bright paths of piety purſue)
Lo! the great Ruler of the world, from high,
Looks ſmiling down with a propitious eye,
Covers his ſervant with his gracious hand,
And bids tempeſtuous nature ſilent ſtand;
Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
Or kindly fold him in a ſoft embrace:
He bridles-in the monſters of the deep:
The bridled monſters awful diſtance keep:
Forget their hunger, while they view their prey;
And guiltleſs gaze, and round the ſtranger play.

But ſtill ariſe new wonders; nature's Lord
Sends forth into the deep his powerful word,
And calls the great leviathan: the great
Leviathan attends in all his ſtate;
Exults for joy, and, with a mighty bound,
Makes the ſea ſhake, and heav'n and earth reſound;
Blackens the waters with the riſing ſand,
And drives vaſt billows to the diſtant land.

As yawns an earthquake, when impriſon'd air
Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,
The whale expands his jaws enormous ſize;
The prophet views the cavern with ſurprize;
Meaſures his monſtrous teeth, afar deſcry'd,
And rolls his wondering eyes from ſide to ſide:
Then takes poſſeſſion of the ſpacious ſeat,
And ſails ſecure within the dark retreat.

Now is he pleas'd the northern blaſt to hear,
And hangs on liquid mountains, void of fear;
Or falls immers'd into the depths below;
Where the dead ſilent waters never flow;
To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
Dwells in the ſhelving mountain's dreadful ſhade:
Where plummet never reach'd, he draws his breath,
And glides ſerenely through the paths of death.

Two wondrous days and nights through coral groves,
Through labyrinths of rocks and ſands, he roves:
When the third morning with its level rays
The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays,
It ſees the king of waters riſe, and pour
His ſacred gueſt un-injur'd on the ſhore:
A type of that great bleſſing, which the Muſe
In her next labour ardently purſues.

THE LAST DA

BOOK II.

——— Ἐκ γαίης ἐλπίζομεν ἐς φάος ἐλθεῖν
Ἀείψαν ἀποιχομένων· ὀπίσω δὲ Θεοὶ τελέθονται. P

" ———We hope, that the departed will rise
" from the duſt: after which, like the
" they will be immortal."

NOW Man awakes, and from his ſilent be
Where he has ſlept for ages, lifts his hea
Shakes off the ſlumber of ten thouſand years,
And on the borders of new worlds appears.
Whate'er the bold, the raſh, adventure coſt,
In wide Eternity I dare be loſt.
The Muſe is wont in narrow bounds to ſing,
To *teach the ſwain*, or *celebrate the king*.
I graſp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,
I lift my voice, and ſing to *human kind*:
I ſing to men and angels; angels join,
While ſuch the theme, their ſacred ſongs with m
Again the trumpet's intermitted ſound
Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,
An univerſal concourſe to prepare
Of all that ever breath'd the vital air:
In ſome wide field, which active whirlwinds ſwee
Drive cities, foreſts, mountains, to the deep,

ttle; ſcatter'd limbs, and all
es, obſequious to the call,
ance; the neck perhaps to meet
; the diſtant legs the feet.
', ſee through the duſky ſky
dies in confuſion fly,
is journeying, there to claim
s and compleat the frame.
ld bow'd to Rome's almighty ſword,
Pompey, and confeſs'd her lord.
this deity below
and pity of his foe.
or's ſacrifice was made,
gnant on a ruffian's blade.
nd, no gaſping army's yell,
rror, his great ſoul farewell.
all weltering in his gore,
ſt to periſh on the ſhore!
wn'd the bloody monſter dead,
world in his great rival's head

So ſwarming bees, that on a ſummer's day
In airy rings, and wild meanders play,
Charm'd with the brazen ſound, their wanderings e
And, gently circling, on a bough deſcend.
The body thus renew'd, the conſcious ſoul,
Which has perhaps been fluttering near the pole,
Or midſt the burning planets wondering ſtray'd,
Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpſe was laid;
Or rather coaſted on her final ſtate,
And fear'd, or wiſh'd for, her appointed fate:
This ſoul, returning with a conſtant flame,
Now weds for ever her immortal frame.
Life, which ran down before, ſo high is wound,
The ſprings maintain an everlaſting round.
Thus a frail model of the work deſign'd
Firſt takes a copy of the builder's mind,
Before the ſtructure firm with laſting oak,
And marble bowels of the ſolid rock,
Turns the ſtrong arch, and bids the columns riſe,
And bear the lofty palace to the ſkies;
The wrongs of time enabled to ſurpaſs,
With bars of adamant, and ribs of braſs.
That antient, ſacred, and illuſtrious * dome,
Where ſoon or late fair Albion's heroes come,
From camps, and courts, though great, or wiſe, or j
To feed the worm, and moulder into duſt;
That ſolemn manſion of the royal dead,
Where paſſing ſlaves o'er ſleeping monarchs tread,

N

* Weſtminſter Abbey.

its alone, and burial-earth,
an to this his ſecond birth;
alaces in pomp ariſe,
tres invade the ſkies,
ke, whoſe unreſpected bones
e of their luxurious ſons.
ficent and coſtly dome
chamber to a tomb.
, but has ſupply'd a grave,
lls the ſpacious ocean pave.
un; and at this dreadful turn,
iſſue, and the hive ſhall burn.
e, nor in like manner, riſe:
ain their flow unwilling eyes:
d from the terror of the light,
rave, and call for laſting night.
ng-attempted virtue ſtood
and broke the ruſhing flood,
lve, nor beauty could melt down,

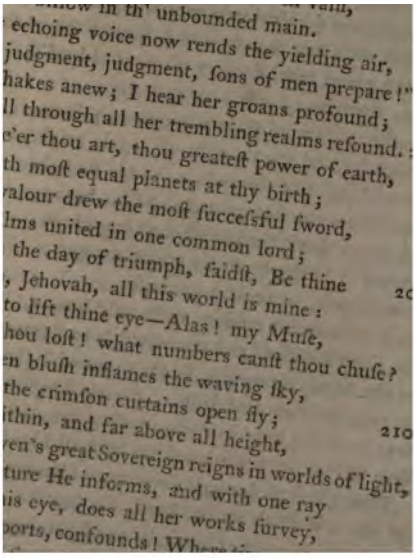
Serene they view, impatient of delay,
And bleſs the dawn of everlaſting day.
Here *greatneſs* proſtrate falls; there, *ſtrength* gives place;
Here, *lazars* ſmile; there, beauty hides her face.
Chriſtians, and Jews, and Turks, and Pagans ſtand,
A blended throng, one undiſtinguiſh'd band.
Some who, perhaps, by mutual wounds expir'd,
With zeal for their diſtinct perſuaſions fir'd,
In mutual friendſhip their long ſlumber break,
And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.
But none are fluſh'd with brighter joy, or, warm
With juſter confidence, enjoy the ſtorm,
Than thoſe, whoſe pious bounties, unconfin'd,
Have made them public fathers of mankind.
In that illuſtrious rank, what ſhining light
With ſuch diſtinguiſh'd glory fills my ſight?
Bend down, my grateful Muſe, that homage ſhow,
Which to ſuch worthies thou art proud to owe.
Wickham! Fox! Chichley! hail, illuſtrious * names,
Who to far diſtant times diſpenſe your beams;
Beneath your ſhades, and near your cryſtal ſprings,
I firſt preſum'd to touch the trembling ſtrings.
All hail, thrice honour'd! 'Twas your great renown
To bleſs a people, and oblige a crown.
And now you riſe, eternally to ſhine,
Eternally to drink the rays divine.

Indulgent

* Founders of New-College, Corpus Chriſti, and All-Souls, in Oxford; of all which the author was a Member.

Indulgent God! Oh how ſhall mortal raiſe
His ſoul to due returns of grateful praiſe,
For bounty ſo profuſe to human kind,
Thy wondrous gift of an eternal mind?
Shall I, who, ſome few years ago, was leſs
Than worm, or mite, or ſhadow can expreſs,
Was Nothing; ſhall I live, when every fire
And every ſtar ſhall languiſh and expire?
When earth's no more, ſhall I ſurvive above,
And through the radiant files of angels move?
Or, as before the throne of God I ſtand,
See new worlds rolling from His ſpacious hand,
Where our adventures ſhall perhaps be taught,
As we now tell how Michael ſung or fought?
All that has being in full concert join,
And celebrate the depths of *Love divine!*
But oh! before this bliſsful ſtate, before
Th' aſpiring ſoul this wondrous height can ſoar,
The Judge, deſcending, thunders from afar,
And all mankind is ſummon'd to the Bar.
This mighty ſcene I next preſume to draw:
Attend, great Anna, with religious awe.
Expect not here the known ſucceſsful arts
To win attention, and command our hearts:
Fiction, be far away; let no machine
Deſcending here, no fabled God, be ſeen;
Behold the God of *Gods* indeed deſcend,
And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend!
Lo! the wide theatre, whoſe ample ſpace
Muſt entertain the whole of human race,

At heaven's all-powerful edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflo
The mighty plain, and deluge all below:
And every age, and nation, pours along;
Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng:
Adam ſalutes his youngeſt ſon; no ſign
Of all thoſe ages, which their births disjoin.
How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart
What volumes have been ſwell'd, what time be
To fix a hero's birth-day, or deſcent!
What joy muſt it now yield, what rapture rai
To ſee the glorious race of antient days;
To greet thoſe worthies, who perhaps have ſto
Illuſtrious on record before the flood!
Alas! a nearer care your ſoul demands.
Cæſar un-noted in your preſence ſtands.
How vaſt the concourſe! not in number mo
The waves that break on the reſounding ſhore
The leaves that tremble in the ſhady grove,
The lamps that gild the ſpangled vaults above
Thoſe overwhelming armies, whoſe command
Said to one empire, *Fall*; another *Stand*:



...ow in th' unbounded main.
echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
judgment, judgment, ſons of men prepare!"
hakes anew; I hear her groans profound;
ll through all her trembling realms reſound.
e'er thou art, thou greateſt power of earth,
th moſt equal planets at thy birth;
valour drew the moſt ſucceſsful ſword,
lms united in one common lord;
the day of triumph, faidſt, Be thine
, Jehovah, all this world is mine:
to lift thine eye—Alas! my Muſe,
hou loſt! what numbers canſt thou chuſe?
en bluſh inflames the waving ſky,
the crimſon curtains open fly;
ithin, and far above all height,
ven's great Sovereign reigns in worlds of light,
ture He informs, and with one ray
is eye, does all her works ſurvey,
orts, confounds! Where

Thence iſſuing I behold (but mortal ſight
Suſtains not ſuch a ruſhing ſea of light!)
I ſee, on an empyreal flying throne
Sublimely rais'd, Heaven's everlaſting SON;
Crown'd with that majeſty which form'd the world,
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, dominion, praiſe, omnipotence,
Support the train of their triumphant prince.
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light.
Night ſhades the ſolemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
Where-e'er ſerene he turns propitious eyes,
Or we expect, or find, a paradiſe:
But if reſentment reddens their mild beams,
The Eden kindles, and the world 's in flames.
On one hand, Knowlege ſhines in pureſt light;
On one, the ſword of Juſtice, fiercely bright.
Now bend the knee in ſport, preſent the reed;
Now tell the ſcourg'd Impoſtor he ſhall bleed!
Thus glorious through the courts of heaven, the ſource
Of life and death eternal bends his courſe;
Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play;
Th' angelic hoſt is rang'd in bright array:
Some touch the ſtring, ſome ſtrike the ſounding ſhell,
And mingling voices in rich concert ſwell;
Voices ſeraphic; bleſt with ſuch a ſtrain,
Could Satan hear, he were a god again.
Triumphant King of GLORY! Soul of Bliſs!
What a ſtupendous turn of fate is this?

O!

him, who meekly proſt
Vouchſaf'd to waſh the feet himſelf had m
From *him* who was betray'd, forſook, den
Wept, languiſh'd, pray'd, bled, thirſted, g
dy'd;
Hung pierc'd and bare, inſulted by the foe,
All heaven in tears above, earth unconcern'
And was 't enough to bid the Sun retire?
Why did not Nature at thy groan expire?
I ſee, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine;
The world is vaniſh'd—I am wholly thine.
Miſtaken Caiaphas! Ah! which blaſphem'
Thou, or thy Priſoner? which ſhall be conde
Well might'ſt thou rend thy garments, well ex
eep are the horrors of eternal flame!
at God is good! 'Tis wondrous all! Ev'n I
ou gav'ſt to death, ſhame, torture, dy'd for
Now the deſcending triumph ſtops its flight
m earth full twice a planetary height.
ere all the clouds condens'd, two colum

" When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
" May thoughts of Thy dread vengeance ſhake my ſoul!
" When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly ſhine,
" Adore, my heart, the MAJESTY *Divine!*
" Through every ſcene of life, or peace, or war,
" Plenty, or want, Thy glory be my care!
" Shine we in arms? or ſing beneath our vine?
" Thine is the vintage, and the conqueſt Thine:
" Thy pleaſure points the ſhaft, and bends the bow;
" The cluſter blaſts, or bids it brightly glow:
" 'Tis thou that lead'ſt our powerful armies forth,
" And giv'ſt Great Anne *Thy* ſceptre o'er the north.
" Grant I may ever, at the morning-ray,
" Open with Prayer the conſecrated day;
" Tune Thy great praiſe, and bid my ſoul ariſe,
" And with the mounting ſun aſcend the ſkies:
" As that advances, let my zeal improve,
" And glow with ardour of conſummate love;
" Nor ceaſe at eve, but with the ſetting ſun
" My endleſs worſhip ſhall be ſtill begun.
" And, oh! permit the gloom of ſolemn night
" To ſacred thought may forcibly invite.
" When this world 's ſhut, and awful planets riſe,
" Call on our minds, and raiſe them to the ſkies;
" Compoſe our ſouls with a leſs dazzling ſight,
" And ſhew all nature in a milder light;
" How every boiſterous thought in calms ſubſides!
" How the ſmooth'd ſpirit into goodneſs glides!
" O how divine! to tread the milky way,
" To the bright palace of the Lord of day;

" His

In this great temple, which the skies fur
For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound
" O Thou! whose balance does the mou
" Whose will the wild tumultuous seas ob
" Whose breath can turn those watery wor
" That flame to tempest, and that tempest
" Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prost
" And on the boundless of thy goodness cal
" Oh! give the winds all past offence to f
" To scatter wide, or bury in the deep:
" Thy power, my weakness, may I ever see,
" And wholly dedicate my soul to Thee:
" Reign o'er my will; my passions ebb and f
" At thy command, nor human motive know
" If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
" And sin the graceful indignation raise.
My love be warm to succour the distress'd,
And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd.
Oh may my understanding ever read
This glorious

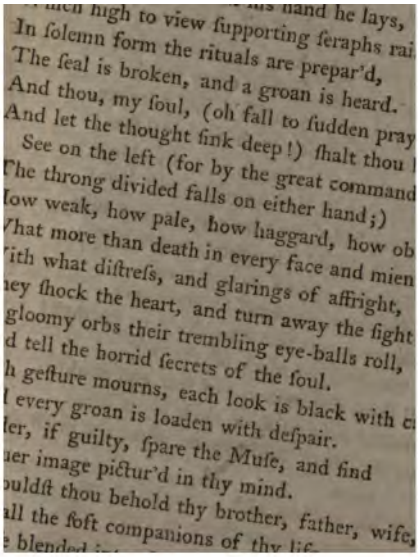
THE LAST DAY.

BOOK III.

" Eſſe quoque in fatis reminiſcitur, affore tempus,
" Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœl
" Ardeat; & mundi moles operoſa laboret."

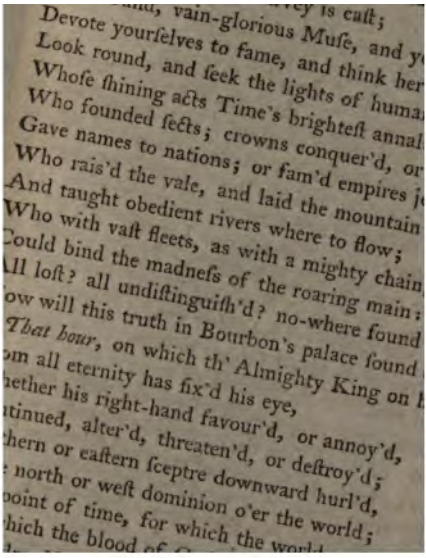
OVID. MET.

THE book unfolding; the reſplendent ſeat
Of ſaints and angels; the tremendous fate
Of guilty ſouls; the gloomy realms of woe;
And all the horrors of the world below;
I next preſume to ſing: What yet remains
Demands my laſt, but moſt exalted ſtrains.
And let the Muſe or now affect the ſky,
Or in inglorious ſhades for ever lie.
She kindles, ſhe's inflam'd ſo near the goal;
She mounts, ſhe gains upon the ſtarry pole;
The world grows leſs as ſhe purſues her flight,
And the ſun darkens to her diſtant ſight.
Heaven opening, all its ſacred pomp diſplays,
And overwhelms her with the ruſhing blaze!
The triumph rings! archangels ſhout around!
And echoing nature lengthens out the ſound!
Ten thouſand trumpets *now* at once advance;
Now deepeſt ſilence lulls the vaſt expanſe:



... his hand he lays,
... mich high to view ſupporting ſeraphs rai
In ſolemn form the rituals are prepar'd,
The ſeal is broken, and a groan is heard.
And thou, my ſoul, (oh fall to ſudden pray
And let the thought ſink deep!) ſhalt thou
See on the left (for by the great command
The throng divided falls on either hand;)
How weak, how pale, how haggard, how ob
What more than death in every face and mien
With what diſtreſs, and glarings of affright,
They ſhock the heart, and turn away the ſight
gloomy orbs their trembling eye-balls roll,
d tell the horrid ſecrets of the ſoul.
h geſture mourns, each look is black with c
l every groan is loaden with deſpair.
ler, if guilty, ſpare the Muſe, and find
uer image pictur'd in thy mind.
ouldſt thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
all the ſoft companions of thy lif
e blended in

Flung back in time an hour, a moment's ſpace,
To graſp with eagerneſs the means of Grace;
Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
And in that moment to redeem an age?
Drive back the tide, ſuſpend a ſtorm in air,
Arreſt the Sun; but ſtill of this deſpair.
Mark, on the right, how amiable a grace!
Their Maker's image freſh in every face!
What purple bloom my raviſh'd ſoul admires,
And their eyes ſparkling with immortal fires!
Triumphant beauty! charms that riſe above
This world, and in bleſt angels kindle love!
To the Great Judge with holy pride they turn,
And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn;
Its flaſh ſuſtain, againſt its terror riſe,
And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.
Are theſe the forms that moulder'd in the duſt?
Oh the tranſcendent glory of the juſt!
Yet ſtill ſome thin remains of fear and doubt,
Th' infected brightneſs of their joy pollute.
Thus the chaſte bridegroom, when the prieſt di
nigh,
Beholds his bleſſing with a trembling eye,
Feels doubtful paſſions throb in every vein,
And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain,
Leſt ſtill ſome intervening chance ſhould riſe,
Leap forth at once, and ſnatch the golden prize;
Inflame his woe, by bringing it ſo late,
And ſtab him in the criſis of his fate.



Horrors, *beneath*, darkneſs in darkneſs, hell
Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell;
A furnace formidable, deep, and wide,
O'er-boiling with a mad ſulphureous tide,
Expands its jaws, moſt dreadful to ſurvey,
And roars outrageous for the deſtin'd prey.
The ſons of light ſcarce unappall'd look down,
And nearer preſs heaven's everlaſting throne.
Such is the ſcene; and one ſhort moment's ſpace
Concludes the hopes and fears of human race.
Proceed who dares!—I tremble as I write;
The whole creation ſwims before my ſight:
I ſee, I ſee, the Judge's frowning brow;
Say not, 'tis diſtant; I behold it *now*;
I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow,
My ſoul recoils at the ſtupendous woe;
That woe, thoſe pangs, which from the *guilty* breaſt,
In theſe, or words like theſe, ſhall be expreſt.
" Who burſt the barriers of my peaceful grave?
" Ah! cruel death, that would no longer ſave,
" But grudg'd me e'en that narrow dark abode,
" And caſt me out into the wrath of God;
" Where ſhrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,
" And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,
" Our only ſong; black fire's malignant light,
" The ſole refreſhment of the blaſted ſight.
" Muſt all thoſe powers, heaven gave me to ſupply
" My ſoul with pleaſure, and bring-in my joy,
" Riſe up in arms againſt me, join the foe,
" *Senſe*, *reaſon*, *memory*, increaſe my woe?

" And

Oh! muſt I look with terror on my ga
" And with *exiſtence* only meaſure *pain*
" What! no reprieve, no leaſt indulgenc
" No beam of hope, from any point of he
" Ah Mercy! Mercy! art thou dead abov
" Is Love extinguiſh'd in the Source of Lo
" Bold that I am, did heaven ſtoop dow
" Th' expiring Lord of life my ranſom ſeal
" Have I not been induſtrious to provoke?
" From his embraces obſtinately broke?
" Purſued, and panted for his mortal hate,
" Earn'd my deſtruction, labour'd out my fa
And dare I on extinguiſh'd Love exclaim?
Take, take full vengeance, rouze the ſlackenin
Juſt is my lot—but oh! muſt it tranſcend
The reach of time, deſpair a diſtant end?
With dreadful growth ſhoot forward, and ari
Where thought can't follow, and bold fancy di
NEVER! where falls the
own an

" Tear me from quiet, raviſh me from night,
" And make a thankleſs preſent of thy light?
" Puſh into being a reverſe of Thee,
" And animate a clod with miſery?
" The beaſts are happy; they come forth, and keep
" Short watch on earth, and then lie down to ſleep.
" Pain is for man; and oh! how vaſt a pain
" For crimes, which made the God-head bleed in vain!
" Annull'd his groans, as far as in them lay,
" And flung his agonies, and death, away?
" As our dire puniſhment for ever ſtrong,
" Our conſtitution too for ever young.
" Curs'd with returns of vigour, ſtill the ſame
" Powerful to bear, and ſatisfy the flame:
" Still to be caught, and ſtill to be purſued!
" To periſh ſtill, and ſtill to be renew'd!
" And this, *My Help! My God!* at thy decree?
" Nature is chang'd, and *hell* ſhould *ſuccour* me.
" And canſt Thou then look down from perfect bliſs,
" And ſee me plunging in the dark abyſs?
" Calling Thee Father, in a ſea of fire?
" Or pouring blaſphemies at Thy deſire?
" With mortals anguiſh wilt Thou raiſe *Thy* name,
" And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim?
" Thou, who canſt toſs the planets to and fro,
" Contract not Thy great vengeance to my woe;
" Cruſh worlds; in hotter flames fall'n angels lay;
" On me Almighty wrath is caſt away.
" Call back Thy thunders, Lord, hold-in Thy rage,
" *Nor with* a ſpeck of wretchedneſs engage:

" For

" Forget me quite, nor ſtoop a worm to blame;
" But loſe me in the greatneſs of Thy name.
" Thou art all Love, all Mercy, all Divine,
" And ſhall I make thoſe glories ceaſe to ſhine?
" Shall ſinful man grow great by his offence,
" And from its courſe turn back Omnipotence?
" Forbid it! and oh! grant, Great *God*, at leaſt
" This one, this ſlender, almoſt *no* requeſt;
" When I have wept a thouſand lives away,
" When torment is grown weary of its prey,
" When I have rav'd ten thouſand years in fire,
" Ten thouſand thouſand, let me then expire."
Deep anguiſh! but too late; the hopeleſs ſoul
Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
Though loth, and ever loud blaſpheming, owns
He 's juſtly doom'd to pour eternal groans;
Enclos'd with horrors, and transfix'd with pain,
Rolling in vengeance, ſtruggling with his chain:
To talk to fiery tempeſts; to implore
The raging flame to give its burnings o'er;
To toſs, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
And bear the weight of an offended God.
The favour'd of their Judge in triumph move,
To take poſſeſſion of their thrones above;
Satan's accurs'd deſertion to ſupply,
And fill the vacant ſtations of the ſky;
Again to kindle long-extinguiſh'd rays,
And with new lights dilate the heavenly blaze;

To crop the roſes of immortal youth,
And drink the fountain-head of ſacred truth;
To ſwim in ſeas of bliſs, to ſtrike the ſtring,
And lift the voice to their Almighty KING;
To loſe eternity in graceful lays,
And fill heaven's wide circumference with praiſe.
But I attempt the wondrous height in vain,
And leave unfiniſh'd the too lofty ſtrain:
What boldly I begin, let others end;
My ſtrength exhauſted, fainting I deſcend,
And chuſe a leſs, but no ignoble, theme,
Diſſolving elements, and worlds, in flame.
The fatal period, the great hour, is come,
And nature ſhrinks at her approaching doom;
Loud peals of thunder give the ſign, and all
Heaven's terrors in array ſurround the ball;
Sharp lightnings with the meteors blaze conſpire,
And, darted downward, ſet the world on fire;
Black riſing clouds the thicken'd Æther choke,
And ſpiry flames dart through the rolling ſmoke,
With keen vibrations cut the ſullen night,
And ſtrike the darken'd ſky with dreadful light;
From heaven's four regions, with immortal force
Angels drive on the wind's impetuous courſe,
T' enrage the flame: It ſpreads, it ſoars on high,
Swells in the ſtorm, and billows through the ſky
Here winding pyramids of fire aſcend,
Cities and deſarts in one ruin blend;
Here blazing volumes wafted, overwhelm
The ſpacious face of a far diſtant realm;

nders muſt that groan of nature tell!
there, and mightier Atlas, fell;
em'd above the reach of fate to ſtand,
ng monument of God's right hand;
and ſmoke, whoſe brow, ſo lately, ſpread
er'd countries its diffuſive ſhade.
ne that celebrated ſpot, where all
ous rulers of the ſever'd ball
nbly ſought wealth, honour, and redreſs,
d which heaven ſeem'd diligent to bleſs,
'd Britannia: Can her glories end?
't ſurrounding ſeas her realms defend?
flames behold ſurrounding ſeas!
their waters but augment the blaze.
ngel, ſay where ran proud Aſia's bound?
with fruits was fair Europa crown'd?
retch'd waſte Libya? Where did India's ſto
n diamonds, and her golden ore?
in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
diſſolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:

This globe alone would but defraud the fire,
Starve its devouring rage: the flakes aſpire,
And catch the clouds, and make the heavens their prey;
The ſun, the moon, the ſtars, all melt away;
All, all is loſt; no monument, no ſign,
Where once ſo proudly blaz'd the gay machine.
So bubbles on the foaming ſtream expire,
So ſparks that ſcatter from the kindling fire;
The devaſtations of One dreadful hour
The Great Creator's Six days work devour.
A mighty, mighty ruin! yet One *foul*
Has more to boaſt, and far outweighs the whole;
Exalted in ſuperior excellence,
Caſts down to nothing, ſuch a vaſt expence.
Have you not ſeen th' eternal mountains nod,
An earth diſſolving, a deſcending God?
What ſtrange ſurprizes through all nature ran?
For whom theſe revolutions, but for Man?
For him, Omnipotence new meaſures takes,
For him, through all eternity, awakes;
Pours on him gifts ſufficient to ſupply
Heaven's loſs, and with freſh glories fill the ſky.
Think deeply then, O Man, how *great* thou art;
Pay thyſelf homage with a trembling heart;
What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
Slighting thyſelf, affront not God's reſpect.
Enter the ſacred temple of thy breaſt,
And gaze, and wander there, a raviſh'd gueſt;
Gaze on thoſe hidden treaſures thou ſhalt find,
Wander through all the glories of thy mind.

s the promiſe of celeſtial worth!
ch muſt ripen in a happier clime,
:r *Sun*, beyond the bounds of time.
r, canſt not gueſs thy vaſt eſtate,
, on foreign coaſts, thy landing wait:
claim, let virtue's path be trod;
ll heaven, and pleaſe that bounteous GOD,
ht thee to pleaſures, hung on high
orb, proud regent of the ſky:
done, its beams ſhall fade away,
hine forth in one *Eternal* DAY.

OR,

VANQUISHED LOVE.

BOOK I.

-Ad cœlum ardentia lumina tollens,
nina; nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas."

VIR

)M lofty themes, from thoughts that ſoar'd high,
en'd wondrous ſcenes above the ſky,
ıſe deſcend: Indulge my fond deſire;
ıfter thoughts my melting ſoul inſpire,
ooth my numbers to a female's praiſe:
ıl world will liſten to my lays,
Anna reigns, and ſets a female name
d in the glorious liſts of fame.
ye fair daughters of this happy land,
ıdiant eyes the vanquiſh'd world command,
Beauty: But when charms of mind

When now Maria's powerful arms prevail'd,
And haughty Dudley's bold ambition fail'd,
The beauteous daughter of great Suffolk's race,
In blooming youth adorn'd with every grace;
Who gain'd a crown by treaſon not her own,
And innocently fill'd another's throne;
Hurl'd from the ſummit of imperial ſtate,
With equal mind ſuſtain'd the ſtroke of fate.

But how will Guilford, her far dearer part,
With manly reaſon fortify his heart?
At once ſhe longs, and is afraid, to *know*:
Now ſwift ſhe moves, and now advances ſlow,
To find her lord; and, finding, paſſes by,
Silent with fear, nor dares ſhe meet his eye;
Left that, unaſk'd, in ſpeechleſs grief, diſcloſe
The mournful ſecret of his inward woes.
Thus, after ſickneſs, doubtful of her face,
The melancholy virgin ſhuns the glaſs.

At length, with troubled thought, but look ſere
And ſorrow ſoften'd by her heavenly mien,
She claſps her lord, brave, beautiful, and young,
While tender accents melt upon her tongue;
Gentle, and ſweet, as vernal Zephyr blows,
Fanning the lily, or the blooming roſe.

" Grieve not, my lord; a crown indeed is loſt;
" What far outſhines a crown, we ſtill may boaſt;
" A mind compos'd; a mind that can diſdain
" A fruitleſs ſorrow for a loſs ſo vain.
" Nothing is loſs that virtue can improve
" To wealth eternal; and return above;

" Abo

" Above, where no diſtinction ſhall be known
" 'Twixt him whom ſtorms have ſhaken from a throne,
" And him, who, baſking in the ſmiles of fate,
" Shone forth in all the ſplendor of the great:
" Nor can I find the difference here below;
" I lately was a Queen; I ſtill am ſo,
" While Guilford's Wife: Thee rather I *obey*,
" Than o'er mankind extend imperial ſway.
" When we lie down in ſome obſcure retreat,
" Incens'd Maria may her rage forget;
" And I to death my duty will improve,
" And what you miſs in empire, add in love—
" Your God-like ſoul is open'd in your look,
" And I have faintly your great meaning ſpoke.
" For this alone I'm pleas'd I wore the crown,
" To find with what content we lay it down.
" Heroes may win, but 'tis a heavenly race
" Can *quit* a throne with a becoming grace."

Thus ſpoke the faireſt of her ſex, and cheer'd
Her drooping lord; whoſe boding boſom fear'd
A darker cloud of ills would burſt, and ſhed
Severer vengeance on her guiltleſs head:
Too juſt, alas, the terrors which he felt!
For, lo! a guard!—Forgive him, if he melt—
How ſharp her pangs, when ſever'd from his ſide,
The moſt ſincerely lov'd, and loving bride,
In ſpace confin'd, the Muſe forbears to tell;
Deep was her anguiſh, but ſhe bore it well.

His pain was equal, but his virtue leſs;
He thought in grief there could be no exceſs.
Penſive he ſat, o'ercaſt with gloomy care,
And often fondly claſp'd his abſent fair;
Now, ſilent, wander'd through his rooms of ſtate
And ſicken'd at their pomp, and tax'd his fate;
Which thus adorn'd, in all her ſhining ſtore,
A ſplendid wretch, magnificently poor.
Now on the bridal-bed his eyes were caſt,
And anguiſh fed on his enjoyments paſt;
Each recollected pleaſure made him ſmart,
And every tranſport ſtabb'd him to the heart.

That happy moon, which ſummon'd to delight,
That moon which ſhone on his dear nuptial night,
Which ſaw him fold her yet untaſted charms
(Deny'd to princes) in his longing arms;
Now ſees the tranſient bleſſing fleet away,
Empire and Love! the viſion of a day.

Thus, in the Britiſh clime, a ſummer-ſtorm
Will oft the ſmiling face of heaven deform;
The winds with violence at once deſcend,
Sweep flowers and fruits, and make the foreſt bend
A ſudden winter, while the ſun is near,
O'ercomes the ſeaſon, and inverts the year.

But whither is the captive borne away,
The beauteous captive, from the chearful day?
The ſcene is chang'd indeed; before her eyes
Ill-boding looks and unknown horrors riſe:
For pomp and ſplendor, for her guard and crown,
A gloomy dungeon, and a keeper's frown:

Black thoughts each morn invade the Lover's breaſt,
Each night, a ruffian locks the Queen to reſt.
Ah mournful change, if judg'd by vulgar minds!
But Suffolk's daughter its advantage finds.
Religion's force divine is beſt diſplay'd
In deep deſertion of all human aid:
To ſuccour in extremes, is her delight,
And chear the heart, when terror ſtrikes the ſight.
We, diſbelieving our own ſenſes, gaze,
And wonder what a mortal's heart can raiſe
To triumph o'er misfortunes, ſmile in grief,
And comfort thoſe who come to bring relief:
We gaze; and as we gaze, wealth, fame, decay,
And all the world's vain glories fade away.
Againſt her cares ſhe rais'd a dauntleſs mind,
And with an ardent heart, but moſt reſign'd,
Deep in the dreadful gloom, with pious heat,
Amid the ſilence of her dark retreat,
Addreſs'd her God—"Almighty Power Divine!
"'Tis thine to raiſe, and to depreſs, is Thine;
"With honour to light up the name unknown,
"Or to put out the luſtre of a throne.
"In my ſhort ſpan both fortunes I have prov'd,
"And though with ill frail nature will be mov'd,
"I'll bear it well: (O ſtrengthen me to bear!)
"And if my piety may claim thy care;
"If I remember'd, in youth's giddy heat,
"And tumult of a court, a Future State;
"O favour, when thy mercy I implore
"For *one* who never guilty ſceptre bore!

No little Guilford, with paternal grace,
Lull'd on her knee, or ſmiling in her face;
Who, when her *deareſt father* ſhall return,
From pouring tears on her untimely urn,
Might comfort to his ſilver hairs impart,
And fill her place in his indulgent heart:
As where fruits fall, quick-riſing bloſſoms ſmile,
And the bleſt Indian of his care beguile.

In vain theſe various reaſons jointly preſs,
To blacken death, and heighten her diſtreſs;
She, through th' encircling terrors, darts her ſight
To the bleſs'd regions of eternal light,
And fills her ſoul with peace: To weeping friends
Her *father*, and her *lord*, ſhe recommends;
Unmov'd herſelf: Her foes her air ſurvey,
And rage to ſee their malice thrown away.
She ſoars; now nought on earth detains her care—
But Guilford; who ſtill ſtruggles for his ſhare.
Still will his form importunately riſe,
Clog and retard her tranſport to the ſkies;
As trembling flames now take a feeble flight,
Now catch the brand with a returning light,
Thus her ſoul onward from the ſeats above
Falls fondly back, and kindles into love:
At length ſhe conquers in the doubtful field;
That Heaven ſhe ſeeks will be her Guilford's ſhield.
Now death is welcome; his approach is ſlow;
'Tis tedious longer to expect the blow.

Oh! mortals, ſhort of ſight, who think the paſt
O'erblown misfortune ſtill ſhall prove the laſt:

Alas

Alas! misfortunes travel in a train,
And oft in life form one perpetual chain;
Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,
Till life and ſorrow meet one common end.

She thinks that ſhe has nought but death to fear,
And death is conquer'd.* Worſe than death is near:
Her rigid trials are not yet complete;
The news arrives of her great father's fate.
She ſees his hoary head, all white with age,
A victim to th' offended monarch's rage.
How great the mercy, had ſhe breath'd her laſt,
Ere the dire ſentence on her father paſt!

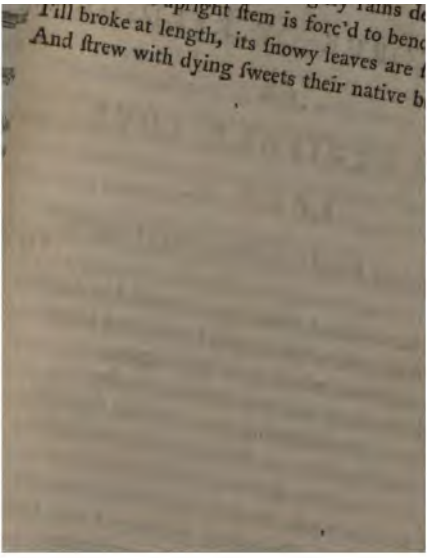
A fonder parent nature never knew;
And as his age increas'd, his fondneſs grew.
A parent's love ne'er better was beſtow'd;
The pious daughter in her heart overflow'd.
And can ſhe from all weakneſs ſtill refrain?
And ſtill the firmneſs of her ſoul maintain?
Impoſſible! a ſigh will force its way;
One patient tear her *mortal* birth betray;
She ſighs and weeps! but ſo ſhe weeps and ſighs,
As ſilent dews deſcend, and vapours riſe.

Celeſtial Patience! how doſt thou defeat
The foe's proud menace, and elude his hate?
While Paſſion takes his part, betrays our peace;
To death and torture ſwells each ſlight diſgrace;
By not oppoſing, thou doſt ills deſtroy,
And wear thy conquer'd ſorrows into joy.
Now *ſhe* revolves within her anxious mind,
What woe ſtill lingers in reſerve behind.

Griefs riſe on griefs, and ſhe can ſee no bound,
While nature laſts, and can receive a wound.
The ſword is drawn: The queen to rage inclin'd,
By mercy, nor by piety, confin'd.
What mercy can the Zealot's heart aſſuage,
Whoſe piety itſelf converts to rage?
She thought, and ſigh'd. And now the blood began
To leave her beauteous cheek all cold and wan.
New ſorrow dimm'd the luſtre of her eye,
And on her cheek the fading roſes die.
Alas! ſhould Guilford too—when now ſhe's brought
To that dire view, that *precipice* of thought,
While there ſhe trembling ſtands, nor dares look down,
Nor can recede, till heaven's decrees are known;
Cure of all ills, till now her lord appears—
But not to chear her heart and dry her tears!
Not now, as uſual, like the riſing day,
To chaſe the ſhadows and the damps away:
But, like a gloomy ſtorm at once to ſweep
And plunge her to the bottom of the deep.
Black were his robes, dejected was his air,
His voice was frozen by his cold deſpair:
Slow, like a ghoſt, he mov'd with ſolemn pace;
A dying paleneſs ſat upon his face.
Back ſhe recoil'd, ſhe ſmote her lovely breaſt,
Her eyes the anguiſh of her heart confeſs'd;
Struck to the ſoul, ſhe ſtagger'd with the wound,
And ſunk, a breathleſs image, to the ground.

Thus the fair lily, when the ſky's o'ercaſt,
At firſt but ſhudders in the feeble blaſt;

But



THE FORCE OF RELIGION;

OR,

VANQUISHED LOVE.

BOOK II.

" Hic pictatis honos? ſic nos in ſceptra reponis?"

VIR

HER Guilford claſps her, beautiful in death,
And with a kiſs recalls her fleeting breath.
To tapers thus, which by a blaſt expire,
A lighted taper, touch'd, reſtores the fire:
She rear'd her ſwimming eye, and ſaw the light,
And Guilford too, or ſhe had loath'd the ſight:
Her *father*'s death ſhe bore, deſpis'd her *own*,
But now ſhe muſt, ſhe will, have leave to groan:
Ah! Guilford, ſhe began, and would have ſpoke;
But ſobs ruſh'd in, and every accent broke:
Reaſon itſelf, as guſts of paſſion blew,
Was ruffled in the tempeſt, and withdrew.
So the youth loſt his *image* in the well,
When tears upon the yielding ſurface fell:
The ſcatter'd features ſlid into decay,
And ſpreading circles drove his face away.
To touch the ſoft affections, and controul
The manly temper of the braveſt ſoul,

Wh

What with afflicted beauty can compare,
And drops of love diſtilling from the fair?
It melts us down; our pains delight beſtow;
And we with fondneſs languiſh o'er our woe.
This Guilford prov'd; and, with exceſs of pain,
And pleaſure too, did to his boſom ſtrain
The weeping fair: ſunk deep in ſoft deſire,
Indulg'd his love, and nurs'd the raging fire:
Then tore himſelf away; and, ſtanding wide,
As fearing a relapſe of fondneſs, cry'd,
With ill-diſſembled grief; "My life, forbear!
"You wound your Guilford with each cruel tear:
"Did you not chide my grief? Repreſs your own;
"Nor want compaſſion for *yourſelf* alone:
"Have you beheld, how, from the diſtant main,
"The thronging waves roll on, a numerous train,
"And foam, and bellow, till they reach the ſhore;
"There burſt their noiſy pride, and are no more?
"Thus the ſucceſſive flows of human race,
"Chas'd by the coming, the preceding chaſe;
"They ſound, and ſwell, their haughty heads they rear;
"Then fall, and flatten, break, and diſappear.
"Life is a forfeit we muſt ſhortly pay;
"And where 's the mighty lucre of a day?
"Why ſhould you mourn *my* fate? 'Tis moſt unkind;
"Your *own* you bore with an unſhaken mind:
"And which, can you imagine, was the dart
"That drank moſt blood, ſunk deepeſt in my heart?
"I cannot live without you; and my doom
"I meet with joy, to ſhare one common tomb.—

"And

" And are again your tears profuſely ſpilt!
" Oh! then, my kindneſs blackens to my guilt;
" It foils itſelf, if it recall your pain;
" Life of my life, I beg you to refrain!
" The load which fate impoſes, you increaſe;
" And help Maria to deſtroy my peace."
But, oh! againſt himſelf his labour turn'd;
The more He comforted, the more She mourn'd:
Compaſſion ſwells our grief; words ſoft and kind
But ſooth our weakneſs, and diſſolve the mind:
Her ſorrow flow'd in ſtreams; nor Her's alone,
While That he blam'd, he yielded to his own.
Where are the ſmiles ſhe wore, when ſhe, ſo late,
Hail'd him great partner of the regal ſtate;
When orient gems around her temples blaz'd,
And bending nations on the glory gaz'd?
'Tis now the Queen's command, they both retreat,
To weep with dignity, and mourn in ſtate:
She forms the *decent* miſery with joy,
And loads with pomp the wretch ſhe would deſtroy.
A ſpacious hall is hung with black; all light
Shut out, and noon-day darken'd into night.
From the mid-roof a lamp depends on high,
Like a dim creſcent in a clouded ſky:
It ſheds a quivering melancholy gloom,
Which only ſhews the darkneſs of the room.
A ſhining ax is on the table laid;
A dreadful ſight! and glitters through the ſhade.
In this ſad ſcene the lovers are confin'd;
A ſcene of terrors, to a guilty mind!

A ſcene,

uilford, thus abruptly; "I deſpiſe
npire loſt; I fling away the crown;
ers have laid that bright deluſion down;
here 's the Charles, or Dioclefian where,
quit the blooming, wedded, weeping fair
o dwell ever on thy lip! to ſtand
poſſeſſion of thy ſnowy hand!
through th' unclouded cryſtal of thine eye,
eavenly treaſures of the mind to ſpy!
pture reaſon happily deſtroys,
ıy ſoul wanders through immortal joys!
ıe the world, and aſk me, Where 's my bli
thee to my breaſt, and anſwer, *This.*
all the grave"—He groans, and can no more;
r charms in ſilence traces o'er;
ıer cheek, and eye, to wonder wrought;
ndering, ſees, in ſad *preſaging* thought,
fair neck, that world of beauty fall,
along the duſt, a ghaſtly ball!

Was ever ſuch a mournful, moving, ſight?
See, if you can, by that dull, trembling, light:
Now they embrace; and, mix'd with bitter woe,
Like Iſis and her Thames, one ſtream they flow:
Now they ſtart wide; fix'd in benumbing care,
They ſtiffen into ſtatues of deſpair:
Now, tenderly ſevere, and fiercely kind,
They ruſh at once; they fling their cares behind,
And claſp, as if to death; new vows repeat;
And, quite wrapp'd-up in love, forget their fate.
A ſhort deluſion! for the raging pain
Returns; and their poor hearts muſt bleed again.

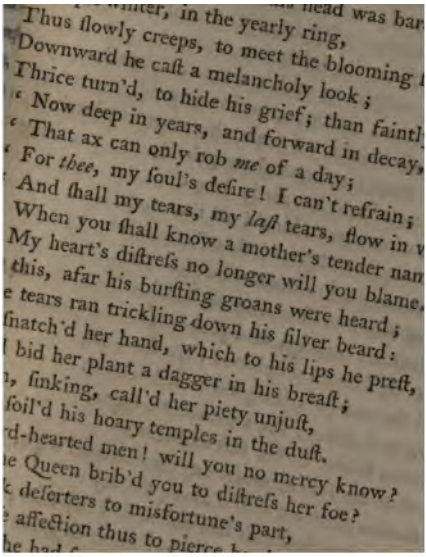
Mean time, the Queen new cruelty decreed;
But, ill content that they ſhould *only* bleed,
A prieſt is ſent; who, with inſidious art,
Inſtills his poiſon into Suffolk's heart;
And Guilford drank it: Hanging on the breaſt,
He from his childhood was with Rome poſſeſt.
When now the miniſters of death draw nigh,
And in her deareſt lord ſhe firſt muſt die,
The ſubtle prieſt, who long had watch'd to find
The moſt unguarded paſſes of her mind,
Beſpoke her thus: "Grieve not; 'tis in your power
"Your lord to reſcue from this fatal hour."
Her boſom pants; ſhe draws her breath with pain;
A ſudden horror thrills through every vein;
Life ſeems ſuſpended, on his words intent;
And her ſoul trembles for the great event.

The prieſt proceeds: "Embrace the faith of Rome
"And ward your own, your lord's and father's doom."

pronounce her father's death?
Bid Guilford bleed?—It muſt not, cann
It *cannot* be! But 'tis the Chriſtian's pra
Above impoſſibilities to raiſe
The weakneſs of our nature; and deride
Of vain philoſophy the boaſted pride.
What though our feeble ſinews ſcarce imp
A moment's ſwiftneſs to the feather'd dart
Though tainted air our vigorous *youth* can
and a chill blaſt the hardy *warrior* ſhake,
et are we ſtrong: Hear the loud tempeſt ro
om eaſt to weſt, and call us weak no mor
e lightning's unreſiſted force proclaims
r might; and thunders raiſe our humble n
our Jehovah fills the heavens; as long
He ſhall reign Almighty, We are ſtrong:
by devotion, *borrow* from his throne;
almoſt make Omnipotence our own:
orce the gates of heaven, by fervent
all forth triumph

Here, Guilford, cruel Guilford, (barbarous man!
Is this thy love?) as ſwift as lightning ran;
O'erwhelm'd her with tempeſtuous ſorrow fraught,
And ſtifled, in its birth, the mighty thought;
Then burſting freſh into a flood of tears,
Fierce, reſolute, delirious with his fears;
His fears for her *alone*: he beat his breaſt,
And thus the fervour of his ſoul expreſt:
"Oh! let thy thought o'er our paſt converſe rove,
"And ſhew one moment uninflam'd with love!
"Oh! if thy kindneſs can no longer laſt,
"In pity to thyſelf, forget the paſt!
"Elſe wilt thou never, void of ſhame and fear,
"Pronounce *his* doom, whom thou haſt held ſo dear:
"Thou who haſt took me to thy arms, and ſwore
"Empires were vile, and Fate could give no more;
"That to *continue*, was its utmoſt power,
"And make the future like the preſent hour.
"Now call a ruffian; bid his cruel ſword
"Lay wide the boſom of thy worthleſs lord;
"Transfix his heart (ſince you its love diſclaim),
"And ſtain his honour with a *Traitor's* name.
"*This* might perhaps be borne without remorſe;
"But ſure a *father's* pangs will have their force!
"Shall his good age, ſo near its journey's end,
"Through cruel torment to the grave deſcend?
"His ſhallow blood all iſſue at a wound,
"Waſh a ſlave's feet, and ſmoak upon the ground?
"But he to you has ever been ſevere;
"Then take your vengeance"--Suffolk now drew near;

Bending



winter, in the yearly ring,
Thus slowly creeps, to meet the blooming
Downward he cast a melancholy look;
Thrice turn'd, to hide his grief; than faintl
Now deep in years, and forward in decay,
That ax can only rob *me* of a day;
For *thee*, my soul's desire! I can't refrain;
And shall my tears, my *last* tears, flow in v
When you shall know a mother's tender nam
My heart's distress no longer will you blame,
this, afar his bursting groans were heard;
e tears ran trickling down his silver beard:
snatch'd her hand, which to his lips he prest,
I bid her plant a dagger in his breast;
, sinking, call'd her piety unjust,
soil'd his hoary temples in the dust.
rd-hearted men! will you no mercy know?
e Queen brib'd you to distress her foe?
k deserters to misfortune's part,
affection thus to pierce
he had

Her ſtruggling wings entangles, curling plies
His poiſonous tail, and ſtings her as ſhe flies!
While yet the blow's firſt dreadful weight ſhe feels,
And with its force her reſolution reels;
Large doors, unfolding with a mournful ſound,
To view diſcover, weltering on the ground,
Three headleſs trunks, of thoſe whoſe arms maintain'd,
And in her wars immortal glory gain'd;
The lifted ax aſſur'd her ready doom,
And ſilent mourners ſadden'd all the room.
Shall I proceed? or here break off my tale?
Nor truths, to ſtagger human faith, reveal.
She met this utmoſt malice of her fate
With Chriſtian dignity, and pious ſtate:
The beating ſtorm's propitious rage ſhe bleſt,
And all the *martyr* triumph'd in her breaſt:
Her *lord* and *father*, for a moment's ſpace,
She ſtrictly folded in her ſoft embrace!
Then thus ſhe ſpoke, while angels heard on high,
And ſudden gladneſs ſmil'd along the ſky:
" Your over-fondneſs has not mov'd my hate;
" I am well pleas'd you make my death ſo *great*;
" I joy I cannot ſave you; and have given
" Two lives, much *dearer* than my own to heaven,
" If ſo the Queen decrees*:—But I have cauſe
" To hope my blood will ſatisfy the laws;
" And there is mercy ſtill, for you, in ſtore:
" With me the bitterneſs of death is o'er.

" He

* Here ſhe embraces them.

" He ſhot his ſting in *that* farewel-embrace;
" And all, that is to come, is joy and peace.
" Then let miſtaken ſorrow be ſuppreſt,
" Nor ſeem to envy my approaching reſt."
Then, turning to the miniſters of fate,
She, ſmiling, ſays, " My victory's complete:
" And tell your Queen, I thank her for the blow,
" And grieve my gratitude I cannot ſhow:
" A poor return I leave in England's crown,
" For everlaſting pleaſure, and renown:
" Her guilt alone allays this happy hour;
" Her guilt—the *only* vengeance in her power."
Not Rome, untouch'd with ſorrow, heard her fate;
And fierce Maria pity'd her too late.

LOVE OF FAME,

THE

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

IN

SEVEN CHARACTERISTICAL SATIRES.

" ——Fulgente trahit conſtrictos gloria curru
" Non minus ignotos generoſis."

HOR.

nd when an Author is in a paſſion, the l
y, as in converſation, turns againſt him.
Satire only has any delicacy in it. O
Horace is the beſt maſter: he appears in
while he cenſures; and therefore his ce
more weight, as ſuppoſed to proceed from
ot from paſſion. Juvenal is ever in a pa
little valuable but his eloquence and mor
t of which I have had in my eye; but
ulation, than imitation, through my

though I comparatively condemn Juven
the ſixth Satire (where the occaſion moſt
I endeavoured to touch on his manner; b
to quit it ſoon, as diſagreeable to the write
oo. Boileau has joined *both* the Roman S
eat ſucceſs; but has too much of Juvenal
ious Satire on Woman, which ſhould hav
eſt of all. An excellent critic of our own

ſucceed without the former. An Author without it, betrays too great a contempt for mankind, and opinion of himſelf; which are bad advocates for reputation and ſucceſs. What a difference is there between the *merit*, if not the *wit*, of Cervantes and Rabelais! The laſt has a particular art of throwing a great deal of genius and learning into frolic and jeſt; but the genius and the ſcholar is all you can admire; you want the gentleman to converſe with in him: he is like a criminal who receives his life for ſome ſervices; you commend, but you pardon too. Indecency offends our pride, as men; and our unaffected taſte, as judges of compoſition: Nature has wiſely formed us with an averſion to it; and he that ſucceeds in ſpight of it is, * "aliena "venia, quam ſua providentia tutior."

Such wits, like falſe oracles of old (which were wits and cheats), ſhould ſet up for reputation among the *weak*, in ſome Bœotia, which was the land of oracles; for the *wiſe* will hold them in contempt. Some wits too, like oracles, deal in *ambiguities*; but not with equal ſucceſs: for though ambiguities are the *firſt* excellence of an impoſtor, they are the *laſt* of a wit.

Some ſatirical wits and humouriſts, like their father Lucian, laugh at every thing indiſcriminately; which betrays ſuch a poverty of wit, as cannot afford to part with any thing; and ſuch a want of virtue, as to poſtpone it to a jeſt. Such writers encourage vice and folly, which

* Val. Max.

which they pretend to combat, by ſetting them on an equal foot with better things: and while they labour to bring every thing into contempt, how can they expect their own parts ſhould eſcape? Some *French* writers particularly, are guilty of this in matters of the laſt conſequence; and ſome of our own. They that are for leſſening the true dignity of mankind, are not ſure of being ſucceſsful, but with regard to *one individual* in it. It is this conduct that juſtly makes a Wit a term of reproach.

Which puts me mind of Plato's fable of the birth of Love; one of the prettieſt fables of all antiquity; which will hold likewiſe with regard to modern *Poetry*. Love, ſays he, is the ſon of the goddeſs Poverty, and the god of Riches: he has from his *father* his daring genius; his elevation of thought; his building caſtles in the air; his prodigality; his neglect of things ſerious and uſeful; his vain opinion of his own merit; and his affectation of preference and diſtinction: from his *mother* he inherits his indigence, which makes him a conſtant beggar of favours; that importunity with which he begs; his flattery; his ſervility; his fear of being deſpiſed, which is inſeparable from him. This addition may be made; *viz.* That Poetry, like Love, is a little ſubject to *blindneſs*, which makes her miſtake her way to preferments and honours; that ſhe has her ſatirical *quiver*; and, laſtly, that ſhe retains a dutiful admiration of her *father's* family; but divides her favours, and generally lives with her *mother's* relations.

However,

However, this is not *neceſſity*, but *choice*: Wiſdom her governeſs, ſhe might have much mo the father than the mother; eſpecially in ſuch a as this, which ſhews a due paſſion for her charms.

SATI

GRACE THE DUKE OF DORSET

——Tanto major Famæ ſitis eſt, quam
Virtutis."
Juv. Sat. 7

Y verſe is Satire; Dorſet, lend your ear,
And *patronize* a Muſe you cannot *fear*.
ts ſacred is a Dorſet's name:
ronted paſſport through the gates of fame;
the partial reader into praiſe,
rows a glory round the ſhelter'd lays:
zled judgment fewer faults can ſee,
es applauſe to Blackmore, or to me.
decline the *miſtreſs* we purſue;
re fond of Fame, but Fame of you.
tive Satire, true to virtue's cauſe!
ning *ſupplement* of public *laws!*
tter'd *crimes* of a licentious age
our ſilence, and demand our rage;

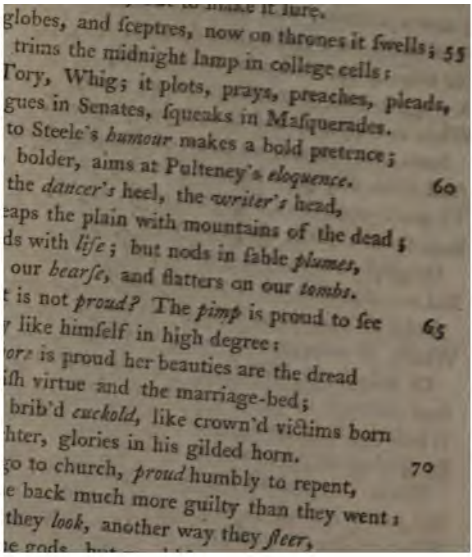
When dying ſinners, to blot out their ſcore,
Bequeath the *church* the leavings of a *whore*;
To chafe our ſpleen, when themes like theſe increaſe,
Shall Panegyrick reign, and Cenſure ceaſe?

Shall Poeſy, like Law, turn wrong to right,
And dedications waſh an Æthiop white,
Set up each ſenſeleſs wretch for nature's boaſt,
On whom praiſe ſhines, as *trophies* on a *poſt*?
Shall funeral eloquence her colours ſpread,
And ſcatter roſes on the wealthy dead?
Shall authors ſmile on ſuch illuſtrious days,
And *ſatiriſe* with nothing—but their *praiſe*?

Why ſlumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful train,
Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain?
Donne, Dorſet, Dryden, Rocheſter, are dead,
And guilt's chief foe, in Addiſon, is fled;
Congreve, who, crown'd with laurels, fairly won,
Sits ſmiling at the goal, while others run,
He will not write; and (more provoking ſtill!)
Ye gods! he will not write, and Mævius will.

Doubly diſtreſt, what author ſhall we find,
Diſcreetly daring, and ſeverely kind,
The courtly * Roman's ſhining path to tread,
And ſharply *ſmile* prevailing folly dead?
Will no ſuperior genius ſnatch the quill,
And ſave me, on the brink, from writing ill?
Though vain the ſtrife, I'll ſtrive my voice to raiſe.
What will not men attempt for *ſacred praiſe*?

* Horace.


globes, and ſceptres, now on thrones it ſwells;
trims the midnight lamp in college cells:
Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
gues in Senates, ſqueaks in Maſquerades.
to Steele's *humour* makes a bold pretence;
bolder, aims at Pulteney's *eloquence*.
the *dancer's* heel, the *writer's* head,
eaps the plain with mountains of the dead;
ds with *life*; but nods in ſable *plumes*,
our *hearſe*, and flatters on our *tombs*.
t is not *proud*? The *pimp* is proud to ſee
r like himſelf in high degree:
ore is proud her beauties are the dread
iſh virtue and the marriage-bed;
brib'd *cuckold*, like crown'd victims born
hter, glories in his gilded horn.
go to church, *proud* humbly to repent,
e back much more guilty than they went:
they *look*, another way they *ſteer*,

If at his title T——— had dropt his quill,
T——— might have paſs'd for a great genius ſtill.
But T——— alas! (excuſe him, if you can)
Is now a *ſcribbler*, who was once a *man*.
Imperious ſome a claſſic *fame* demand,
For heaping up, with a laborious hand,
A waggon-load of meanings for *one* word,
While A's *depos'd*, and B with pomp *reſtor'd*.
Some, for *renown*, on ſcraps of learning doat,
And think they grow immortal as they *quote*.
To patch-work learn'd quotations are ally'd;
Both ſtrive to make our *poverty* our *pride*.
On *glaſs* how witty is a noble peer!
Did ever diamond ſcoſt a man ſo *dear*?
Polite diſeaſes make ſome ideots *vain*;
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.
Of folly, vice, diſeaſe, men proud we ſee;
And (ſtranger ſtill!) of blockheads' flattery;
Whoſe praiſe defames; as if a fool ſhould mean,
By ſpitting on your face, to make it clean.
Nor is 't enough all hearts are ſwoln with *pride*,
Her *power* is mighty, as her *realm* is wide.
What can ſhe not perform? The Love of Fame
Made bold Alphonſus his Creator blame:
Empedocles hurl'd down the burning ſteep:
And (ſtronger ſtill!) made Alexander weep.
Nay, it holds Delia from a ſecond bed,
Though her lov'd lord has four half-months been dead.
This paſſion with a *pimple* have I ſeen
Retard a cauſe, and give a judge the ſpleen.

By

By *this* inſpir'd (O ne'er to be forgot!)
Some lords have learn'd to *ſpell*, and ſome to *knot*.
It makes Globoſe a ſpeaker in the houſe;
He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouſe.
It makes *dear ſelf* on well-bred tongues prevail,
And *I* the *little hero* of each tale.
Sick with the *Love of Fame*, what throngs pour in,
Unpeople *court*, and leave the *ſenate* thin?
My growing ſubject ſeems but juſt begun,
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.

Aid me, great Homer! with thy *epic* rules,
To take a catalogue of Britiſh fools.
Satire! had I thy Dorſet's force divine,
A knave or fool ſhould periſh in each line;
Though for the firſt all Weſtminſter ſhould plead,
And for the laſt all Greſham intercede.

Begin. Who firſt the *catalogue* ſhall grace?
To *quality* belongs the higheſt place.
My lord comes forward; forward let him come!
Ye vulgar! at your peril, give him room:
He ſtands for *fame* on his forefathers' feet,
By heraldry, prov'd *valiant* or *diſcreet*.
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by *three deſcents* leſs wiſe!
If virtues at his noble hands you crave,
You bid him raiſe his father's from the grave.
Men ſhould preſs forward in fame's glorious chace;
Nobles look *backward*, and ſo loſe the race.

Let high birth triumph! What can be more great?
Nothing—but merit in a low eſtate.

To virtue's humbleſt ſon let none prefer
Vice, though deſcended from the Conqueror.
Shall men, like *figures*, paſs for high, or baſe,
Slight, or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of *honeſt* men, and *wiſe*;
The fool, or knave, that wears a title, *lyes*.
They that on glorious anceſtors enlarge,
Produce their *debt*, inſtead of their *diſcharge*.
Dorſet, let thoſe who proudly boaſt their line,
Like thee, in worth hereditary, ſhine.
Vain as falſe greatneſs is, the Muſe muſt own
We want not fools to buy that Briſtol ſtone.
Mean ſons of earth, who, on a South-ſea tide
Of full ſucceſs, ſwam into *wealth* and *pride*.
Knock with a purſe of gold at Anſtis' gate,
And beg to be deſcended from the great.
When men of infamy to grandeur ſoar,
They light a torch to ſhew their ſhame the more.
Thoſe governments which *curb* not evils, *cauſe!*
And a rich knave 's a *libel* on our *laws*.
Belus with ſolid *glory* will be crown'd;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty ſound;
But *builds* himſelf a name; and, to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immenſe eſtate!
In coſt and grandeur, Chandos he'll out-do;
And, Burlington, thy taſte is not ſo true.
The pile is finiſh'd; every toil is paſt;
And full perfection is arriv'd at laſt;
When, lo! my lord to ſome ſmall corner runs,
And leaves ſtate-rooms to *ſtrangers* and to *duns*.

The

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
In Britain, what is many a lordly ſeat,
But a diſcharge in full for an eſtate?
In ſmaller compaſs lies Pygmalion's fame;
Not domes, but antique ſtatues, are his flame:
Not Fountaine's ſelf more Parian charms has known;
Nor is good Pembroke more in love with ſtone.
The bailiffs come (rude men prophanely bold!)
And bid him turn his Venus into gold.
"No, ſirs, he cries; I'll ſooner rot in jail:
"Shall Grecian arts be truck'd for Engliſh bail?"
Such *heads* might make their very *buſto's* laugh:
His daughter ſtarves; but * Cleopatra 's ſafe.
Men, overloaded with a large eſtate,
May ſpill their treaſure in a nice conceit:
The *rich* may be polite; but, oh! 'tis ſad
To ſay you 're *curious*, when we ſwear you 're *mad*.
By your revenue meaſure your expence;
And to your *funds* and *acres* join your *ſenſe*.
No man is bleſs'd by *accident* or *gueſs*;
True *wiſdom* is the price of *happineſs*:
Yet few without long diſcipline are ſage;
And our *youth* only lays up ſighs for *age*.
But how, my Muſe, canſt thou reſiſt ſo long
The bright temptation of the Courtly throng,
Thy moſt inviting theme? The *court* affords
Much food for ſatire;—it abounds in lords.

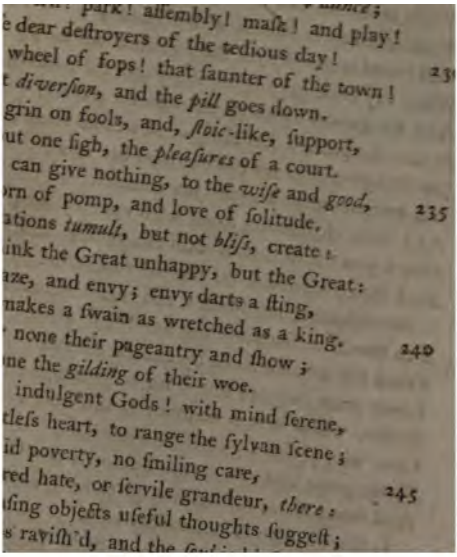
* A famous ſtatue.

"What lords are thoſe ſaluting with a grin?"
One is juſt *out*, and one as lately *in*.
"How comes it then to paſs we ſee preſide
"On both their brows an equal ſhare of *pride*?"
Pride, that impartial paſſion, reigns through all,
Attends our glory, nor deſerts our fall.
As in its home it triumphs in *high place*,
And frowns a haughty exile in *diſgrace*.
Some lords it bids admire their wands ſo white,
Which bloom, like Aaron's, to their raviſh'd ſight
Some lords it bids *reſign*; and turns their wands,
Like Moſes', into ſerpents in their hands.
Theſe ſink, as divers, for renown; and boaſt,
With pride *inverted*, of their honours loſt.
But againſt reaſon ſure 'tis equal ſin,
The boaſt of merely being *out*, or *in*.

What numbers *here*, through odd ambition, ſtrive
To ſeem the moſt tranſported things alive?
As if by *joy*, *deſert* was underſtood:
And all the fortunate were *wiſe* and *good*.
Hence aching boſoms wear a viſage gay,
And ſtifled groans frequent the ball and play.
Completely dreſt by * Monteuil and grimace,
They take their *birth-day* ſuit and *public* face:
Their ſmiles are only part of what they *wear*.
Put off at night, with Lady B——'s hair.
What bodily fatigue is half ſo bad?
With anxious *care* they labour to be *glad*.

W

* A famous taylor.


park! assembly! mask! and play!
e dear destroyers of the tedious day!
wheel of fops! that saunter of the town!
t *diversion*, and the *pill* goes down.
grin on fools, and, *stoic*-like, support,
ut one sigh, the *pleasures* of a court.
can give nothing, to the *wise* and *good*,
orn of pomp, and love of solitude.
ations *tumult*, but not *bliss*, create:
ink the Great unhappy, but the Great:
aze, and envy; envy darts a sting,
makes a swain as wretched as a king.
none their pageantry and show;
me the *gilding* of their woe.
indulgent Gods! with mind serene,
tless heart, to range the sylvan scene;
id poverty, no smiling care,
red hate, or servile grandeur, *there*:
sing objects useful thoughts suggest;
s ravish'd, and the

Say, dear Hippolytus (whoſe drink is ale,
Whoſe erudition is a Chriſtmas-tale,
Whoſe miſtreſs is ſaluted with a ſmack,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back)
When thy fleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
Is that *thy* praiſe? Let Ringwood's fame alone;
Juſt Ringwood leaves each animal his own;
Nor envies, when a gypſy *you* commit,
And ſhake the clumſy *bench* with country wit;
When you the dulleſt of dull things have ſaid,
And then aſk pardon for the *jeſt* you made.

Here breathe, my Muſe! and then thy taſk renew
Ten thouſand fools unſung are ſtill in view.
Fewer lay-atheiſts made by church debates;
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large eſtates;
Ladies, whoſe love is conſtant as the wind;
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind;
Fewer grave lords to Scrope diſcreetly bend;
And fewer *ſhocks* a ſtateſman gives his *friend*.

Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the town in *winter* with his ſtrain,
At Bath, in *ſummer*, chants the reigning laſs,
And ſweetly *whiſtles*, as the *waters* paſs?
Is there a tongue, like Delia's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding-up?
Is there, whom his *tenth Epic* mounts to fame?
Such, and ſuch only, might exhauſt my theme:
Nor would theſe heroes of the taſk be glad,
For who can *write* ſo faſt as men run *mad*?

SATI

SATIRE II.

MY Muſe, proceed, and reach they deſtin'd end;
Though *toils* and *danger* the bold taſk attend.
Heroes and *Gods* make other poems fine;
Plain Satire calls for *ſenſe* in every line:
Then, to what ſwarms thy faults I dare expoſe!
All friends to *vice* and *folly* are thy foes.
When *ſuch* the foe, a war eternal wage;
'Tis moſt ill-nature to *repreſs* thy rage:
And if theſe ſtrains ſome nobler Muſe excite,
I 'll glory in the verſe I did *not* write.

So weak are human-kind by nature made,
Or to ſuch weakneſs by their vice betray'd.
Almighty *vanity!* to thee they owe
Their *zeſt* of pleaſure, and their *balm* of woe.
Thou, like the ſun, all *colours* doſt contain,
Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain.
For every ſoul finds reaſons to be proud,
Though hiſs'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.

Warm in purſuit of foxes and renown,
* Hippolytus demands the *ſylvan* crown;
But Florio's fame, the product of a ſhower,
Grows in his garden, an illuſtrious flower!
Why teems the earth? Why melt the vernal ſkies?
Why ſhines the ſun? To make † Paul Diack riſe.

* This refers to the firſt Satire. † The name of a tulip.

From morn to night has Florio gazing ſtood,
And wonder'd how the gods could be ſo good;
What ſhape! What hue! Was ever nymph ſo fair?
He doats! he dies! he too is *rooted* there.
O ſolid bliſs! which nothing can deſtroy,
Except a cat, bird, ſnail, or idle boy.
In fame's full bloom lies Florio down at night,
And wakes next day a moſt inglorious wight;
The tulip's dead! See thy fair ſifter's fate,
O C——! and be kind ere 'tis too late.
  Nor are thoſe enemies I mention'd, all;
Beware, O Floriſt, thy ambition's fall.
A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame;
A Quaker ſerv'd him, Adam was his name;
To one lov'd tulip oft the maſter went,
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture ſpent;
But came, and miſt it one ill-fated hour:
He rag'd! he roar'd! "What *dæmon* cropt my flower?"
Serene, quoth Adam, "Lo! 'twas cruſht by me;
"Fall'n is the Baal to which thou bow'dſt thy knee."
  But all men want *amuſement*; and what crime
In ſuch a paradiſe to fool their time?
None: but why proud of this? To fame they ſoar;
We grant *they 're idle*, if they 'll aſk no more.
  We ſmile at Floriſts, we deſpiſe their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy:
But are thoſe wiſer whom we moſt admire,
Survey with envy, and purſue with fire?
What 's he who ſighs for wealth, or fame, or power?
Another Florio doating on a flower!

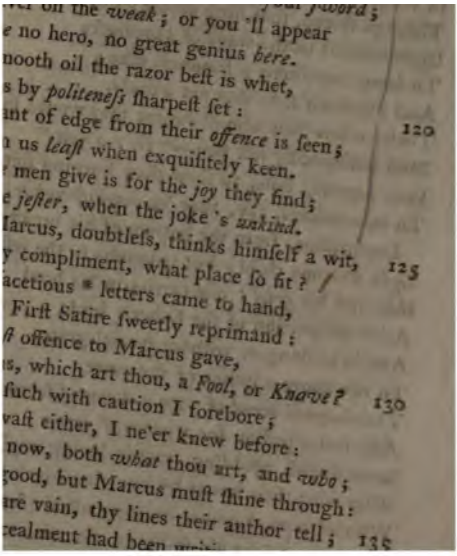
A ſhort-liv'd flower; and which has often ſprung
From ſordid arts, as Florio's out of dung.
With what, O Codrus! is thy fancy ſmit?
The *flower* of learning, and the *bloom* of wit.
Thy gaudy ſhelves with crimſon bindings glow,
And Epictetus is a perfect beau.
How fit for thee, bound up in crimſon too,
Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view!
Thy Books are *furniture*. Methinks 'tis hard
That ſcience ſhould be purchas'd by the yard;
And Tonſon, turn'd upholſterer, ſend home
The gilded leather to *fit up* thy room.
If not to ſome peculiar end deſign'd,
Study 's the ſpecious *trifling* of the mind;
Or is at beſt a ſecondary aim,
A chace for *ſport* alone, and not for *game*.
If ſo, ſure they who the *mere volume* prize,
But love the thicket where the *quarry* lies.
On buying books Lorenzo long was bent,
But found at length that it reduc'd his rent;
His farms were flown; when, lo! a ſale comes on,
A choice collection! what is to be done?
He ſells his *laſt*; for he the whole will buy;
Sells ev'n his houſe; nay, wants whereon to lie:
So high the generous ardour of the man
For Romans, Greeks, and Orientals ran.
When terms were drawn, and brought him by the clerk,
Lorenzo ſign'd the bargain—with his *mark*.
Unlearned men of books aſſume the care,
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

Not

Not in his authors' *liveries* alone
Is Codrus' erudite ambition ſhown:
Editions various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what Codrus would be *thought*;
And to this coſt another muſt ſucceed
To pay a ſage, who *ſays* that he can read;
Who *titles* knows, and *indexes* has ſeen;
But leaves to Chesterfield what lies between;
Of pompous books who ſhuns the proud expence,
And humbly is contented with their *ſenſe*.
O Stanhope, whoſe accompliſhments make good
The *promiſe* of a long-illuſtrious blood,
In *arts* and *manners* eminently grac'd,
The ſtricteſt *honour!* and the fineſt *taſte!*
Accept this verſe; if Satire can agree
With ſo conſummate an *humanity*.

By your example would Hilario mend;
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who, with the charms of his own genius ſmit,
Conceives all virtues are compriz'd in wit!
But time his fervent petulance may cool;
For though he is a *wit*, he is no *fool*.
In time he 'll learn to *uſe*, not *waſte*, his ſenſe;
Nor make a *frailty* of an *excellence*.
He ſpares nor friend nor foe; but calls to mind,
Like *doom's-day*, all the faults of all mankind.

What though *wit* tickles? tickling is unſafe,
If ſtill 'tis *painful* while it makes us *laugh*.
Who, for the poor renown of being *ſmart*,
Would leave a ſting within a brother's heart?



...ver on the *weak*; or you 'll appear
...e no hero, no great genius *here*.
...nooth oil the razor beſt is whet,
...s by *politeneſs* ſharpeſt ſet:
...ant of edge from their *offence* is ſeen;
...n us *leaſt* when exquiſitely keen.
...e men give is for the *joy* they find;
...e *jeſter*, when the joke 's *unkind*.
...Marcus, doubtleſs, thinks himſelf a wit,
...y compliment, what place ſo fit?
...acetious * letters came to hand,
...Firſt Satire ſweetly reprimand:
...ſt offence to Marcus gave,
...s, which art thou, a *Fool*, or *Knave*?
...ſuch with caution I forebore;
...vaſt either, I ne'er knew before:
...now, both *what* thou art, and *who*;
...good, but Marcus muſt ſhine through:
...are vain, thy lines their author tell;
...cealment had been writi...

When ſome home joke has ſtung their *ſolemn* ſouls,
In vengeance they determine—to be *fools*;
Through ſpleen, that *little* nature gave, make *leſs*,
Quite zealous in the ways of *beavineſs*;
To *lumps* inanimate a fondneſs take;
And diſinherit ſons that are *awake*.
Theſe, when their utmoſt venom they would ſpit,
Moſt barbarouſly tell you—"*He's a wit.*"
Poor *negroes*, thus, to ſhew their burning ſpite
To cacodemons, ſay, they 're *deviliſh white*.
Lampridius, from the bottom of his breaſt,
Sighs o'er one child; but triumphs in the reſt.
How juſt his *grief!* one carries in his head
A leſs proportion of the father's lead;
And is in danger, without ſpecial grace,
To riſe above a juſtice of the peace.
The *dunghill-breed* of men a *diamond* ſcorn,
And feel a paſſion for a *grain of corn*;
Some ſtupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,
Who with *much* pains, exerting *all* his ſenſe,
Can range aright his ſhillings, pounds, and pence.
The booby father craves a booby ſon;
And by Heaven's *bleſſing* thinks himſelf *undone*.
Wants of all kinds are made to fame a plea;
One learns to *liſp*; another, *not* to ſee:
Miſs D——, tottering, catches at your hand;
Was ever thing ſo pretty born to ſtand?
Whilſt theſe, what nature gave, diſown, through pride,
Others affect what nature has deny'd;

What

forms the ſage ſupport.
cries, with an important air,
uds withdraw, it will be fair:"
e Stagyrite, to prove it true;
e learn'd delight in ſomething *new*." 180
the blockhead ſcarce can read,
ely look, and *gravely* plead?
ſt from *wiſdom* ſits,
as *libertines* from *wits*.
rights (ſo blind are mortal men, 185
uch them with her keeneſt pen)
g out a ſolemn face,
ſe with a better grace:
ome hero's head make bold,
where *pins* are to be ſold. 190
brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
n to conceal the mind.
n *artifice* diſdain;
may venture to go *plain*;
eternal ne'er forgot, 195

With generous ſcorn how oft haſt thou ſurvey'd
Of *court* and *town* the noontide maſquerade;
Where ſwarms of *knaves* the vizor quite diſgrace,
And hide ſecure behind a *naked face?*
Where nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to *conceal* the mind;
Where generous hearts the greateſt hazard run,
And he who truſts a *brother*, is undone?

Theſe all their care expend on outward ſhow
For wealth and fame; for fame alone, the *beau.*
Of late at White's was young Florello ſeen!
How blank his look! how diſcompos'd his mien!
So hard it proves in grief ſincere to feign!
Sunk were his ſpirits; for his coat was *plain.*

Next day his breaſt regain'd its wonted peace;
His health was mended with a *ſilver lace.*
A curious artiſt, long inur'd to toils
Of gentler ſort, with combs, and fragrant oils,
Whether by chance, or by ſome god inſpir'd,
So touch'd his *curls*, his mighty ſoul was fir'd.
The well-ſwoln ties an equal homage claim,
And either ſhoulder has its ſhare of fame;
His ſumptuous *watch-caſe*, though conceal'd it lies,
Like a good *conſcience*, ſolid joy ſupplies.
He only thinks himſelf (ſo far from vain!)
Stanhope in wit, in breeding Deloraine.
Whene'er, by *ſeeming* chance, he throws his eye
On mirrors that reflect his Tyrian dye,
With how ſublime a tranſport leaps his heart!
But fate ordains that deareſt friends muſt part.

In

bank, as if inſpir'd by fame,
retty fellow in the ſtream.
nk with ſhame, whene'er ſurpris'd
, or peruke undiſguis'd.
hance his veſtments fear;
ppards, as their *ſpots* appear.
t he wears, which *once* was blue,
rims in a capacious ſhoe;
e (for who can wives reclaim?)
arous *needle* at his fame:
was vain; by night ſhe went,
lept, ſurpris'd the darling *rent*:
he frieze is now become a doubt;
t one entrance, quite ſhut out *."
ello, and Florello him;
thy creature; that, the *prim*:
her, both theſe fools deſpiſe
elves, with undiſcerning eyes;
rious, but alike their aim;

While both are *one*: and henceforth be it known,
Fools of both ſides ſhall ſtand for fools alone.
"But who art Thou?" methinks Florello cries:
"Of all thy ſpecies art Thou only wiſe?"
Since ſmalleſt things can give our ſins a twitch,
As croſſing ſtraws retard a paſſing witch,
Florello, thou my monitor ſhalt be;
I'll *conjure* thus ſome profit out of *thee*.
O THOU myſelf! abroad our counſels roam,
And, like ill huſbands, take no care at home:
Thou too art wounded with the common dart,
And Love of Fame lies throbbing at thy heart;
And what wiſe means to gain it haſt thou choſe?
Know, *fame* and *fortune* both are made of proſe.
Is thy ambition ſweating for a *rhyme*,
Thou unambitious fool, at this late time?
While I a moment name, a moment's paſt;
I 'm nearer death in *this* verſe, than the *laſt*:
What then is to be done? Be wiſe with ſpeed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

And what ſo fooliſh as the chace of fame?
How vain the prize! how impotent our aim!
For what are men who graſp at praiſe ſublime,
But *bubbles* on the rapid ſtream of time,
That riſe, and fall, that ſwell, and are no more,
Born, and *forgot*, ten thouſand in an hour?

SATIRE III.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. MR. DODINGTON.

LONG, Dodington, in debt, I long have ſought
To eaſe the burthen of my grateful thought;
And now a poet's gratitude you ſee;
Grant him *two* favours, and he 'll aſk for *three*:
For whoſe the preſent glory, or the gain?
You give protection, I a worthleſs ſtrain.
You love and feel the poet's ſacred flame,
And know the baſis of a ſolid fame;
Though prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
You read with all the *malice* of a *friend*;
Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
But, more to raiſe my verſe, *conceal* your own.
An ill-tim'd modeſty! turn ages o'er,
When wanted Britain bright examples more?
Her *learning*, and her *genius* too, decays,
And *dark* and *cold* are her declining days;
As if men now were of another caſt,
They meanly live *on alms* of ages paſt.
Men ſtill are men; and they who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the ſons of cold deſpair;
Or, if they fail, they juſtly ſtill take place
Of ſuch who *run in debt* for their diſgrace;

Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with *improvements* of their own.
We bring ſome new materials, and what 's old
New caſt with care, and in no *borrow'd* mould;
Late times the verſe may read, if theſe refuſe;
And from four critics vindicate the Muſe.
" Your work is long," the critics cry. 'Tis true,
And lengthens ſtill, to take in fools like you:
Shorten my labour, if its length you blame;
For, grow but wiſe, you rob me of my game;
As hunted *bags*, who, while the dogs purſue,
Renounce their four legs, and ſtart up on two.
Like the bold bird upon the banks of Nile,
That picks the teeth of the dire *crocodile*,
Will I enjoy (dread feaſt!) the critic's rage,
And with the fell *deſtroyer* feed my page.
For what ambitious fools are more to blame,
Than thoſe who thunder in the critic's name?
Good authors damn'd, have their revenge in *this*,
To ſee what wretches gain the praiſe they miſs.
Balbutius, muffled in his ſable cloak,
Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,
As ravens ſolemn, and as *boding*, cries,
" Ten thouſand worlds for the three unities!"
Ye doctors ſage, who through Parnaſſus teach,
Or quit the tub, or practiſe what you preach.
One judges as the *weather* dictates; right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night:
Another judges by a ſurer gage,
An author's *principles*, or *parentage*;

Since

judges, for he *bought the book*;
e judge, their knack of *judging wrong* to keep
e judge, becauſe it is too ſoon to *ſleep*.
ius all will judge, and with one ſingle aim,
ain themſelves, not give the writer, fame.
very beſt *ambitiouſly* adviſe,
to ſerve you, and half to paſs for wiſe.
tics on verſe, as *ſquibs* on triumphs wait,
im the glory, and augment the ſtate;
envious, noiſy, proud, the ſcribbling fry
hiſs, and bounce, waſte paper, ſtink, and die.
n, my friends! what more my verſe can crow
Compton's ſmile, and your obliging frown?
all on *books* their *criticiſm* waſte:
nius of a *diſh* ſome juſtly taſte,
t their way to *fame*; with anxious thought
mon is refus'd, the *turbot* bought.
nt art rebukes the ſun's delay,
ls December yield the fruits of May;
arious cares in one great point combine

In thoſe choice books their *panegyrics* read,
And ſcorn the creatures that for *hunger* feed.
If man by *feeding well* commences *great*,
Much more the worm to whom that man is meat.

To glory ſome advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and *pilferers* of fame:
Their front ſupplies what their ambition lacks;
They know a thouſand lords, *behind their backs.*
Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer,
When turn'd away, with a familiar leer;
And Harvey's eyes, unmercifully keen,
Have murder'd fops, by whom ſhe ne'er was ſeen.
Niger adopts ſtray libels; wiſely prone
To covet ſhame ſtill greater than his own.
Bathyllus, in the winter of threeſcore,
Belies his innocence, and keeps a whore.
Abſence of mind Brabantio turns to fame,
Learns to *miſtake*, nor knows his brother's name;
Has words and thoughts in nice *diſorder* ſet,
And takes a memorandum to *forget*.
Thus vain, not knowing what adorns or blots,
Men *forge the patents* that create them ſots.

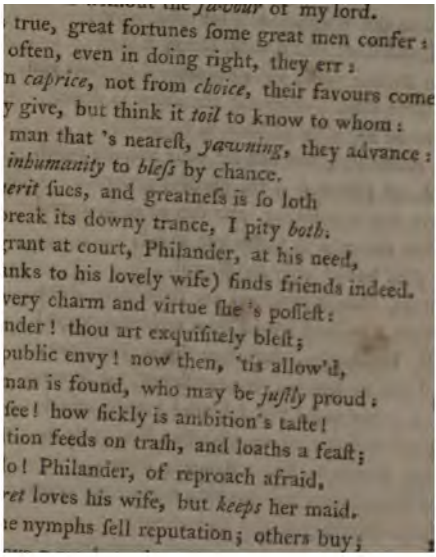
As love of pleaſure into pain betrays,
So moſt grow infamous through love of praiſe.
But whence for praiſe can ſuch an ardor riſe,
When thoſe, who bring that incenſe, we deſpiſe?
For ſuch the vanity of great and ſmall,
Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.
Nor can even Satire blame them; for, 'tis true,
They have moſt ample cauſe for what they do.

O fruit-

)leanteous harveſt calls me forward ſtill,
I ſurpaſs in length my lawyer's bill;
elſh deſcent, which well-paid heralds damn;
)nger ſtill, a Dutchman's epigram.
, cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,
nes a coxcomb, and I write again.
Tityrus, with merriment poſſeſt,
ſt with laughter, ere he hears the jeſt:
need he ſtay? for when the joke is o'er,
th will be no whiter than before.
e of *theſe*, ye fair! ſo great a dearth,
ou need purchaſe *monkeys* for your mirth?
, vain of *paintings*, bid the world admire;
ſes ſome; nay, houſes that they *hire*:
perfect wiſdom!) of a beauteous *wife*;
aſt, like Cordeliers, a ſcourge for life.
times, through pride, the ſexes change their airs;
l *has vapours*, and my lady *ſwears*;
tranger ſtill! on turning of the wind,

Makes his approach in modeſty's diſguiſe,
To win applauſe; and takes it by ſurprize.
" To err," ſays he, " in ſmall things, is my fate."
You know your anſwer, " he 's exact in great."
" My *ſtyle*," ſays he, " is rude and full of faults."
" But oh! what ſenſe! what energy of thoughts!"
That he wants algebra, he muſt confeſs;
" But not a ſoul to give our arms ſucceſs."
" Ah! That 's an hit indeed," Vincenna cries;
" But who in heat of blood was ever wiſe?
" I own 'twas wrong, when thouſands call'd me back,
" To make that hopeleſs, ill-adviſ'd, attack;
" All ſay, 'twas madneſs; nor dare I deny;
" Sure never fool ſo well deſerv'd to die."
Could *this* deceive in others, to be free,
It ne'er, Vincenna, could deceive in *thee*;
Whoſe conduct is a comment to thy tongue,
So clear, the dulleſt cannot take thee wrong.
Thou on *one ſleeve* wilt thy *revenues* wear;
And haunt the court, without a *proſpect* there.
Are theſe expedients for renown? Confeſs
Thy *little ſelf*, that I may ſcorn thee leſs.
Be wiſe, Vincenna, and the court forſake;
Our fortunes there, nor *thou*, nor *I*, ſhall make.
Even *men of merit*, ere their point they gain,
In hardy ſervice make a long campaign;
Moſt manfully beſiege the patron's gate,
And oft repuls'd, as oft attack the *great*
With painful art, and application warm,
And take, at laſt, ſome *little place* by ſtorm;

Enough



... the *favour* of my lord.
true, great fortunes ſome great men confer:
often, even in doing right, they err:
n *caprice*, not from *choice*, their favours come
y give, but think it *toil* to know to whom:
man that 's neareſt, *yawning*, they advance:
inhumanity to *bleſs* by chance.
erit ſues, and greatneſs is ſo loth
reak its downy trance, I pity *both*.
rant at court, Philander, at his need,
nks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed.
very charm and virtue ſhe 's poſſeſt:
nder! thou art exquiſitely bleſt;
public envy! now then, 'tis allow'd,
nan is found, who may be *juſtly* proud:
ſee! how fickly is ambition's taſte!
tion feeds on traſh, and loaths a feaſt;
o! Philander, of reproach afraid,
ret loves his wife, but *keeps* her maid.
e nymphs ſell reputation; others buy;

To ſhew how much our northern taſtes refine,
Imported nymphs our peereſſes outſhine;
While *tradeſmen* ſtarve, theſe Philomels are gay;
For generous lords had rather *give* than *pay*.
Behold the maſquerade's fantaſtic ſcene!
The Legiſlature join'd with Drury-Lane!
When Britain calls, th' embroider'd patriots run,
And ſerve their *country*—if the *dance* is done.
"Are we not then allow'd to be polite?"
Yes, doubtleſs; but firſt ſet your notions right.
Worth, of *politeneſs* is the needful ground;
Where *that* is wanting, *this* can ne'er be found.
Triflers not ev'n in trifles can excel;
'Tis *ſolid* bodies only *poliſh* well.
Great, choſen prophet! for theſe latter days,
To turn a willing world *from* righteous ways!
Well, Heydegger, doſt thou thy *maſter* ſerve;
Well has he ſeen his *ſervant* ſhould not ſtarve,
Thou to his name haſt ſplendid *temples* rais'd;
In various forms of *worſhip* ſeen him prais'd,
Gaudy devotion, like a Roman, ſhown,
And ſung ſweet anthems in a tongue *unknown*.
Inferior offerings to thy god of vice
Are duly paid, in *fiddles*, *cards*, and *dice*;
Thy ſacrifice ſupreme, an *hundred maids!*
That ſolemn rite of midnight maſquerades!
If maids the quite exhauſted town denies,
An hundred head of *cuckolds* may ſuffice.
Thou ſmil'ſt, well pleas'd with the *converted* land,
To ſee the *fifty churches* at a ſtand.

And that thy miniſter may never fail,
But what thy hand has planted ſtill prevail,
Of *minor prophets* a ſucceſſion ſure
The propagation of thy zeal ſecure.
See commons, peers, and miniſters of ſtate,
In ſolemn council met, and deep debate!
What Godlike enterprize is taking birth?
What wonder opens on th' expecting earth?
'Tis done! with loud applauſe the council rings!
Fix'd is the fate of *whores* and *fiddle-ſtrings!*
Though bold theſe truths, thou, Muſe, with truths like theſe,
Wilt none offend, whom 'tis a praiſe to pleaſe:
Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,
Like juſt *tribunals*, bend an awful brow.
How terrible it were to common-ſenſe,
To write a *Satire*, which gave none *offence!*
And, ſince from *life* I take the draughts you ſee,
If men diſlike them, do they cenſure *me?*
The fool, and knave, 'tis glorious to offend,
And Godlike an attempt the world to mend;
The world, where lucky throws to *blockheads* fall,
Knaves know the game, and *honeſt men* pay all.
How hard for real worth to gain its price!
A man ſhall make his fortune in a trice,
If bleſt with pliant, though but ſlender, ſenſe,
Feign'd modeſty, and real impudence:
A ſupple knee, ſmooth tongue, an eaſy grace,
A curſe within, a ſmile upon his face;

A beau-

A beauteous ſifter, or convenient wife,
Are *prizes* in the lottery of life;
Genius and Virtue they will ſoon defeat,
And lodge you in the boſom of the *great*.
To *merit*, is but to provide a *pain*
For men's refuſing what you ought to gain.

May, Dodington, this maxim fail in you,
Whom my preſaging thoughts already view
By Walpole's conduct fir'd, and friendſhip grac'd,
Still higher in your Prince's favour plac'd;
And lending, *here*, thoſe awful councils aid,
Which you, *abroad*, with ſuch ſucceſs obey'd!
Bear *this* from one, who holds your friendſhip dear;
What moſt we wiſh, with eaſe we fancy near.

SATIRE

TO

THE RIGHT HON. SIR SPENCER COMI

ROUND ſome fair tree th' ambitious wo
grows,
nd breathes her ſweets on the ſupporting bou
ſweet the *verſe*, th' ambitious verſe, ſhould
! pardon mine) that hopes ſupport from the
hee, Compton, born o'er ſenates to preſide,
heir *dignity* to raiſe, their *councils* guide;
ep to diſcern, and widely to ſurvey,
nd kingdoms fates, without ambition, weigh;
diſtant virtues nice extremes to blend,
e Crown's aſſerter, and the People's friend:
r doſt thou ſcorn, amid ſublimer views,
liſten to the labours of the Muſe;
y ſmiles *protect* her, while thy talents *fire*,
d 'tis but *half* thy glory to *inſpire*.
'd at a public fame, ſo juſtly won

But patriots differ; ſome may ſhed their blood,
He *drinks* his *coffee*, for the public good;
Conſults the ſacred ſteam, and there foreſees
What ſtorms, or ſun-ſhine, Providence decrees;
Knows, for each day, the *weather* of our fate;
A Quidnunc is an *almanack* of State.

You ſmile, and think *this* ſtateſman void of uſe;
Why may not time his ſecret worth produce?
Since *apes* can roaſt the choice Caſtanian *Nut*,
Since *ſteeds* of genius are expert at *Put*;
Since half the Senate "Not content" can ſay,
Geeſe nations ſave, and *puppies* plots betray.

What makes *him* model realms, and counſel kings?
An incapacity for ſmaller things:
Poor Chremes can't conduct his *own eſtate*,
And thence has undertaken Europe's fate.

Gehenno leaves the realm to Chremes' ſkill,
And boldly claims a province higher ſtill:
To raiſe a name, th' ambitious boy has got,
At once, a Bible, and a *ſhoulder-knot*;
Deep in the ſecret, he looks through the whole,
And pities the dull rogue that *ſaves his ſoul*;
To talk with reverence you muſt take good heed,
Nor ſhock his *tender reaſon* with the Creed:
Howe'er well-bred, in public he complies,
Obliging friends alone with *blaſphemies*.

Peerage is poiſon, good eſtates are bad
For this diſeaſe; poor rogues run ſeldom mad.
Have not *attainders* brought unhop'd relief,
And *falling ſtocks* quite cur'd an unbelief?

ut as their *mercury* is high or low:
Health chiefly keeps an Atheiſt in the dark;
A fever argues better than a Clarke:
Let but the logick in his *pulſe* decay,
The Grecian he 'll renounce, and learn to pray
While C—— mourns, with an unfeigned zeal,
'h' apoſtate youth, who reaſon'd *once* ſo well.
C——, who makes merry with the Creed,
He almoſt thinks he diſbelieves *indeed*;
ut only thinks ſo; to give both their due,
atan, and *he*, believe, and tremble too.
f ſome for *glory* ſuch the boundleſs rage,
hat they 're the blackeſt *ſcandal* of their age.
Narciſſus the Tartarian *club* diſclaims;
ay, a Free-maſon, with ſome terror, names;
mits no duty; nor can *envy* ſay,
e miſs'd, theſe many years, the Church, or Pl
e makes no noiſe in Parliament, 'tis true;
t pays his *debts*, and *viſit*, when 'tis due;
s *character* and *gloves* are ever clean.

Moſt charitably lends the town his *face*,
For ornament, in every public place;
As ſure as *cards*, he to th' *aſſembly* comes,
And is the *furniture* of drawing-rooms:
When Ombre calls, his hand and heart are free,
And, join'd to two, he fails not—to make three:
Narciſſus is the glory of his race;
For who does *nothing* with a better grace?
To deck my liſt, by nature were deſign'd
Such ſhining *expletives* of human kind,
Who want, while through blank life they dream along,
Senſe to be right, and *paſſion* to be wrong.
To counterpoiſe this hero of the *mode*,
Some for renown are *ſingular* and *odd*;
What other men diſlike, is ſure to pleaſe,
Of all mankind, theſe dear *antipodes*;
Through pride, not malice, they run counter ſtill,
And *birth-days* are their days of dreſſing *ill*.
Arbuthnot is a fool, and F—— a ſage,
S—ly will fright you, E—— engage;
By nature ſtreams run backward, flame deſcends,
Stones mount, and Suſſex is the worſt of friends;
They take their reſt by *day*, and wake by *night*,
And bluſh, if you ſurprize them in the *right*;
If they by change blurt out, ere well aware,
A ſwan is white, or Queenſberry is fair.
Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool *in* faſhion, but a fool that 's *out*.
His paſſion for abſurdity 's ſo ſtrong,
He cannot bear a *rival* in the wrong;

ut what in oddneſs can be more ſublime
han Sloane the foremoſt *toyman* of his time?
is nice ambition lies in curious fancies,
is daughter's portion a rich *ſhell* inhances,
nd Aſhmole's baby-houſe is, in his view,
itannia's golden mine, a rich Peru!
ow his eyes languiſh! how his thoughts adore
at painted coat, which Joſeph *never* wore!
ſhews, on *holidays*, a ſacred pin,
at touch'd the ruff, that touch'd Queen Beſs's
Since that great *dearth* our chronicles deplore
ince that great *plague* that ſwept as many mor
Vas ever year unbleſt as *this?*" he'll cry,
has not brought us one new *butterfly!*"
mes that ſuffer ſuch learn'd men as *theſe*,
ppy I——y! how came *you* to pleaſe?
t gaudy butterflies are Lico's game;
in effect, his chace is much the ſame:
n in purſuit, he *levées* all the great

As if their grandeur, by contagion, wrought,
And *fame* was like a *fever*, to be caught:
But after ſeven years dance, from place to place,
The * Dane is more familiar with his Grace.

Who'd be a *crutch* to prop a rotten peer;
Or living *pendant* dangling at his ear,
For ever whiſpering ſecrets, which were blown
For months before, by trumpets, through the town
Who'd be a *glaſs*, with flattering grimace,
Still to reflect the temper of his face;
Or happy *pin* to ſtick upon his ſleeve,
When my lord 's gracious, and vouchſafes *it* leave
Or *cuſhion*, when his heavineſs ſhall pleaſe
To loll, or *thump* it, for his better eaſe;
Or a vile *butt*, for noon, or night, beſpoke,
When the peer *raſhly* ſwears he 'll club his joke?
Who'd ſhake with laughter, though he could not fit
His lordſhip's jeſt; or, if his noſe broke wind,
For bleſſings to the gods profoundly bow,
That can cry, "Chimney ſweep," or drive a *plough*
With terms like theſe, how mean the tribe that *cloſe*
Scarce meaner they, who terms like theſe *impoſe*.

But what 's the tribe moſt likely to comply?
The men of ink, or antient authors lye;
The writing tribe, who ſhameleſs *auctions* hold
Of praiſe, by inch of candle to be ſold:
All men they flatter, but themſelves the moſt,
With deathleſs fame, their everlaſting boaſt:

* A Daniſh dog of the duke of Argyll.

For fame no cully makes ſo much her jeſt,
As her old conſtant ſpark, the bard profeſt.
" Boyle ſhines in council, Mordaunt in the fight,
" Pelham 's magnificent; but I can write,
" And what to my great ſoul like glory dear?"
Till ſome god whiſpers in his tingling ear,
That *fame* 's unwholeſome taken without *meat*,
And life is beſt ſuſtain'd by what is *eat*:
Grown *lean*, and *wiſe*, he curſes what he writ,
And wiſhes all his wants were in his *wit*.
Ah! what avails it, when his *dinner* 's loſt,
That his triumphant name adorns a *poſt*?
Or that his ſhining page (provoking fate!)
Defends Sirloins, which ſons of dulneſs *eat*?
What foe to verſe without compaſſion hears,
What cruel *proſe-man* can refrain from tears,
When the poor Muſe, for leſs than half a crown,
A *proſtitute* on every bulk in town,
With other whores undone, though *not* in print,
Clubs *credit* for Geneva in the Mint?
Ye bards! why will you ſing, though uninſpir'd?
Ye bards! why will you *ſtarve*, to be *admir'd*?
Defunct by Phœbus' laws, beyond redreſs,
Why will your *ſpectres* haunt the frighted preſs?
Bad metre, that *excreſcence* of the head,
Like *hair*, will ſprout, although the poet 's *dead*.
All other trades *demand*, verſe-makers *beg*;
A dedication is a *wooden leg*;
A barren Labeo, the true *mumper's* faſhion,
Expoſes *borrow'd brats* to move *compaſſion*.

Though ſuch myſelf, vile bards I diſcommend;
Nay more, though gentle Damon is my *friend.*
" Is 't then a crime to *write?*"—If talent rare
Proclaim the god, the crime is to *forbear:*
For ſome, though few, there are large-minded men,
Who watch unſeen the labours of the pen;
Who know the Muſe's worth, and therefore court,
Their deeds her theme, their bounty her ſupport;
Who ſerve, *unaſk'd,* the *leaſt pretence* to wit;
My ſole excuſe, alas! for having writ.
Argyll true wit is ſtudious to reſtore;
And Dorſet ſmiles, if Phœbus ſmil'd before;
Pembroke in years the long-lov'd arts admires,
And Henrietta like a Muſe inſpires.
But, ah! not *inſpiration* can obtain
That fame, which poets languiſh for in vain.
How mad their aim, who thirſt for glory, ſtrive
To graſp, what no man can poſſeſs *alive!*
Fame 's a *reverſion* in which men take place
(O late reverſion!) at their own deceaſe.
This truth ſagacious Lintot knows ſo well,
He *ſtarves* his authors, that their works may *ſell.*
That *fame* is *wealth,* fantaſtic poets cry;
That *wealth* is *fame,* another clan reply;
Who know no guilt, no ſcandal, but in *rags;*
And *ſwell* in juſt proportion to their *bags.*
Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old,
Think glory nothing but the *beams of gold;*
The firſt young lord, which in the Mall you meet,
Shall match the verieſt huncks in Lombard-ſtreet,

Fr

Of ardent lovers, the true modern band
Will mortgage Celia to redeem their *land*.
For love, young, noble, rich, Caſtalio dies;
Fame but the fair, love ſwells into his eyes.
Divine Monimia, thy fond fears lay down;
No rival can prevail—but *half a crown*.
He glories to late times to be convey'd,
Not for the poor he has *reliev'd*, but *made*:
Not ſuch ambition his great fathers fir'd,
When Harry conquer'd, and half France expir'd
'd be a ſlave, a pimp, a dog, for gain:
y, a *dull ſheriff* for his *golden chain*.
" Who 'd be a ſlave?" the gallant Colonel cries
hile love of glory ſparkles from his eyes:
deathleſs fame he loudly pleads his right—
is his title—for he will not *fight*:
ſoldiers *valour*, all divines have *grace*,
maids of honour *beauty*—by their *place*:
when indulging on the laſt campaign,
ofty terms climb

'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree;
But if you pay yourſelf, the world is free.
Were there no tongue to ſpeak them but his own,
Auguſtus' deeds in arms had ne'er been known.
Auguſtus' deeds! if that ambiguous name
Confounds my reader, and miſguides his aim,
Such is the Prince's worth, of whom I ſpeak;
The Roman would not bluſh at the miſtake.

SATIR

SATIRE V.

ON

WOMEN.

" O faireſt of creation! laſt and beſt
" Of all God's works! Creature in whom excell'd,
" Whatever can to ſight, or thought, be form'd
" Holy, divine, good, amiable, or ſweet!
" How art thou loſt!"— MILTON.

NOR reigns *ambition* in bold *man* alone;
Soft *female* hearts the rude invader own:
But *there*, indeed, it deals in nicer things,
Than routing *armies*, and dethroning *kings*:
Attend, and you diſcern it in the fair
Conduct a *finger*, or reclaim a *hair*;
Or roll the lucid orbit of an *eye*;
Or, in full joy, elaborate a *ſigh*.

The ſex we honour, though their faults we blame;
Nay, thank their faults for ſuch a *fruitful* theme:
A theme, fair ———! doubly kind to me,
Since ſatirizing *thoſe* is praiſing *thee*;
Who wouldſt not bear, too modeſtly refin'd,
A panegyric of a groſſer kind.

Britannia's daughters, much more *fair* than *nice*,
Too fond of admiration, loſe their price;

Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarnish to the fated sight:
As unreserv'd, and beauteous, as the sun,
Through every *sign* of vanity they run;
Assemblies, Parks, coarse feasts in City-halls,
Lectures, and Trials, Plays, Committees, Balls,
Wells, Bedlams, Executions, Smithfield scenes,
And Fortune-tellers Caves, and Lions Dens,
Taverns, Exchanges, Bridewells, Drawing-rooms,
Installments, Pillories, Coronations, Tombs,
Tumblers, and Funerals, Puppet-shows, Reviews,
Sales, Races, Rabbets, (and, still stranger!) Pews.
Clarinda's bosom burns, but burns for Fame;
And Love lies vanquish'd in a *nobler* flame;
Warm gleams of hope she, *now*, dispenses; *then*,
Like April suns, dives into clouds again:
With all her lustre, *now*, her lover warms;
Then, out of *ostentation*, hides her charms:
'Tis, next, her pleasure sweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a sudden pain;
Then, she starts up, all ecstasy and bliss,
And is, sweet soul! just as sincere in this:
O how she rolls her charming eyes in *spight!*
And looks delightfully with all her might!
But, like *our* heroes, much more brave than wise,
She conquers for the *triumph*, not the *prize*.
Zara resembles Ætna crown'd with snows;
Without she freezes, and within she glows:
Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspir'd,
From the vain converse of the world retir'd,

Nor far beneath her in *renown*, is ſhe,
Who through good-breeding is ill company;
Whoſe *manners* will not let her larum ceaſe,
Who thinks you are *unhappy*, when at *peace*;
To find you *news*, who racks her ſubtle head,
And vows—"that her great-grandfather is dead.
A dearth of words a *woman* need not fear;
It 'tis a taſk indeed to learn—*to hear*:
That the ſkill of converſation lies;
That *ſhews*, or *makes*, you both polite and wiſe.
Xantippe cries, "Let nymphs who nought can
Be loſt in ſilence, and reſign the day;
And let the guilty wife her guilt confeſs,
By tame behaviour, and a ſoft addreſs!"
Though *virtue*, *ſhe* refuſes to comply
With all the dictates of *humanity*;
Though wiſdom, *ſhe* refuſes to ſubmit
To wiſdom's rules, and *raves* to prove her *wit*;
In, her unblemiſh'd honour to maintain,
Acts her huſband's kindneſs with diſdain.

Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
O'er cooling *gruel*, and compoſing *tea*:
Nor reſts by night, but, more ſincere than nice,
She *ſhakes* the curtains with her *kind* advice:
Doubly, like echo, *ſound* is her delight,
And the *laſt word* is her eternal right.
Is 't not enough plagues, wars, and famines, riſe
To laſh our crimes, but muſt our wives be *wiſe*?
Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong:
What *black*, what *ceaſeleſs* cares beſiege our ſtate!
What ſtrokes we feel from *fancy*, and from *fate*!
If fate forbears us, fancy ſtrikes the blow;
We *make* misfortune; *ſuicides* in woe.
Superfluous aid! unneceſſary ſkill!
Is *nature* backward to torment, or kill?
How oft the *noon*, how oft the *midnight*, bell,
(That iron tongue of death!) with ſolemn knell,
On *Folly's* errands as we vainly roam,
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from home?
Men drop ſo faſt, ere life's mid ſtage we tread,
Few know ſo many friends *alive*, as *dead*.
Yet, as *immortal*, in our up-hill chace
We preſs coy Fortune with unſlacken'd pace;
Our ardent labours for the *toys* we ſeek,
Join night to day, and *Sunday* to the week:
Our very joys are anxious, and expire
Between *ſatiety* and *fierce deſire*.
Now what reward for all this grief and toil?
But *one*; a female friend's endearing ſmile;

A tender ſmile, our ſorrows' only balm,
And, in life's tempeſt, the ſad ſailor's calm.
How have I ſeen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, perſuaſion in her eye;
Victorious tenderneſs! it all o'ercame,
Huſbands look'd mild, and *ſavages* grew tame.
The *Sylvan* race our active nymphs purſue;
Man is not all the game they have in view:
In woods and fields their glory they complete;
There *Maſter* Betty leaps a five-barr'd gate;
While fair *Miſs* Charles to toilets is confin'd,
Nor rathly tempts the barbarous ſun and wind.
Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And volt from *hunters* to the *manag'd ſteed*;
Command his prancings with a martial air,
And Fobert has the forming of the *Fair*.
More than *one* ſteed muſt Delia's empire feel,
Who ſits triumphant o'er the flying *wheel*;
And as ſhe guides it through th' admiring throng,
With what an air ſhe ſmacks the *ſilken* thong!
Graceful as John, ſhe moderates the reins,
And whiſtles ſweet her *diuretic* ſtrains:
Seſoſtris like, ſuch charioteers as *theſe*
May drive ſix harneſs'd *monarchs*, if they pleaſe:
They *drive*, *row*, *run*, with love of glory ſmit,
Leap, *ſwim*, *ſhoot flying*, and pronounce on *wit*.
O'er the Belle-lettres lovely Daphne reigns;
Again the god Apollo wears her chains:
With legs toſs'd high, on her ſophee ſhe ſits,
Vouchſafing audience to contending wits:

Of

Of each performance ſhe 's the final teſt;
One act read o'er, ſhe propheſies the reſt;
And then, pronouncing with deciſive air,
Fully convinces all the town—*ſhe 's fair.*
Had lovely Daphne Hecateſſa's face,
How would her elegance of taſte decreaſe!
Some ladies' *judgment* in their *features* lies,
And all their *genius* ſparkles from their *eyes.*
But hold, ſhe cries, lampooner! have a care;
Muſt I want common ſenſe, becauſe I 'm fair?
O no: ſee Stella; her *eyes* ſhine as bright,
As if her tongue was never in the right;
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
She ſeems inſpir'd, and can herſelf inſpire:
How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
Could Daphne publiſh, and could ſhe forbear?
We grant that beauty is no bar to *ſenſe,*
Nor is 't a ſanction for *impertinence.*
Sempronia lik'd her man; and well ſhe might;
The youth in perſon, and in parts, was bright;
Poſſeſs'd of every virtue, grace, and art,
That claims juſt empire o'er the female heart:
He met her paſſion, all her ſighs return'd,
And, in full rage of youthful ardour, burn'd:
Large his poſſeſſions, and beyond her own;
Their bliſs the theme and envy of the town:
The day was fix'd, when, with one acre more,
In ſtepp'd deform'd, debauch'd, diſeas'd, *threeſcore.*
The fatal ſequel I, through ſhame, forbear:
Of pride and *avarice* who can cure the fair?

Man's

pride ſeek things at vaſt expence,
ſh not to *reaſon*, nor to *ſenſe*.
:it, or *unthankfulneſs*, deſtroys,
narrow ſphere, our ſolid joys,
airy land of noiſe and ſhow,
ight but dreams, no real pleaſures grow;
n air-pumps, to ſubſiſt we ſtrive
o thin to keep the ſoul alive.
ſick; make haſte; the doctor call:
but where's his patient? At the ball.
r ſtares; her woman curt'ſies low,
" My Lady, Sir, is always ſo:
ns put her maladies to flight;
ſhe can't *ſtand*, but ſhe can *dance* all night:
nown my Lady (for ſhe loves a tune)
vers take an opera in June:
hough perhaps you 'll think the practice bold,
night Park is ſovereign for a *cold*:
olics, breakfaſts of green fruit agree;
indigeſtions, ſupper juſt at three."

Alas, my heart! how languiſhingly fair
Yon lady lolls! With what a tender air!
Pale as a young dramatic author, when,
O'er darling lines, fell Cibber waves his pen.
Is her lord angry, or has * Veny chid?
Dead is her father, or the maſk forbid?
" Late ſitting-up has turn'd her roſes white."
Why went ſhe not to bed? " Becauſe 'twas *night*."
Did ſhe then dance, or play? " Nor this, nor that."
Well night ſoon ſteals away in pleaſing chat.
" No, all alone, her *prayers* ſhe rather choſe;
" Than be that *wretch* to ſleep till morning roſe."
Then Lady Cynthia, miſtreſs of the ſhade,
Goes, with the *faſhionable* owls, to bed:
This her *pride* covets, this her *health* denies;
Her ſoul is ſilly, but her body 's wiſe.
Others, with curious arts, dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of *fifty-five*.
You, in the morning, a *fair* nymph invite;
To keep her word, a *brown* one comes at night:
Next day ſhe ſhines in gloſſy *black*; and then
Revolves into her native *red* again:
Like a dove's neck, ſhe ſhifts her tranſient charms,
And is her own dear rival in your arms.
But *one* admirer has the painted laſs;
Nor finds that one, but in her looking-glaſs:
Yet Laura 's beautiful to ſuch exceſs,
That all her *art* ſcarce makes her pleaſe us *leſs*.

* Lap-dog.

To

her flowers, and ſpreads her velvet green:
ling rills the lonely deſart trace,
e their muſic on the ſavage race.
then a niggard of her bliſs?
guiltleſs in a world like this?
ewd taſtes her lawful charms refuſe,
ted *art's* deprav'd allurements chuſe.
ia's paſſion for the town; freſh air
effect!) gives vapours to the fair;
ds, and ſhady groves, and cryſtal ſprings,
, and nightingales, are odious things;
e, and duſt, and noiſe, and crowds, delight;
e preſs'd to death, tranſports her quite:
ver rivulets play through flowery meads,
dbines give their ſweets, and *limes* their ſhades,
nels' abſent *odours* ſhe regrets,
her noſe at beds of violets.
ny life prefer'd to the ſerene?
public to the private ſcene?

O ſacred ſolitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the Prudent! envy of the Great!
By thy pure ſtream, or in thy waving ſhade,
We court fair Wiſdom, that celeſtial maid:
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
(Strangers on earth!) are *innocence* and *peace*:
There, from the ways of men laid ſafe aſhore,
We ſmile to hear the diſtant tempeſt roar;
There, bleſs'd with health, with buſineſs unperple
This life we reliſh, and enſure the *next*;
There too the Muſes ſport; theſe numbers free,
Pierian Eaſtbury! I owe to thee.

There ſport the Muſes; but not there alone:
Their ſacred force Amelia feels in town.
Nought but a genius can a genius fit;
A wit herſelf, Amelia weds a wit:
Both wits! though miracles are ſaid to ceaſe,
Three days, three wondrous days! they liv'd in pe
With the fourth ſun a warm diſpute aroſe,
On Durfey's poeſy, and Bunyan's proſe:
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.

Phœbe, though ſhe poſſeſſes nothing leſs,
Is proud of being rich in happineſs:
Laborioufly purſues deluſive toys,
Content with pains, ſince they 're reputed joys.
With what well-acted tranſport will ſhe ſay,
" Well, ſure, we were ſo happy *yeſterday!*
" And then that charming party for *to-morrow!*"
Though, well ſhe knows, 'twill languiſh into ſorr

moment, like a wife, we ſhun,
njoy, becauſe it is *our own*.
are few, and fewer we enjoy;
ke *quickſilver*, is *bright*, and *coy*;
graſp it with our utmoſt ſkill,
s us, and it glitters ſtill:
aſt, compute your mighty gains;
but rank poiſon in your veins?
in her glaſs an angel ſpies,
rs in her ear pernicious lyes;
hile ſhe ſurveys a face ſo fine,
atiety of charms divine:
lover yawns, all chang'd appears
and ſhe melts (ſweet ſoul!) in tears:
d young, laſt week, her wiſh enjoy'd,
ment all the night employ'd;
came, when Strephon, waking, found
ght!) his bride in ſorrow drown'd.
cle, ſays Strephon, makes thee weep?
ous man"; ſhe cries, "

But ſoon the ſated appetites return,
Again our ſtomachs crave, our boſoms burn:
Eternal Love let man, then, never ſwear;
Let woman never *triumph*, nor *deſpair*;
Nor praiſe, nor blame, too much, the warm, or ch
Hunger and Love are foreign to the *will*.
There is indeed a paſſion more refin'd,
For thoſe few nymphs whoſe charms are of the mind:
But not of that unfaſhionable ſet
Is Phyllis; Phyllis and her Damon met.
Eternal Love exactly hits her taſte;
Phyllis demands eternal love at *leaſt*.
Embracing Phyllis with ſoft-ſmiling eyes,
Eternal Love I vow, the ſwain replies:
But ſay, my *All*, my *Miſtreſs*, and my *Friend!*
What day next week th' *Eternity* ſhall *end?*
Some nymphs prefer *aſtronomy* to *love*;
Elope from mortal man, and range above.
The fair philoſopher to Rowley flies,
Where, in a *box*, the whole creation lies:
She ſees the planets in their turns advance,
And ſcorns, Poitier, thy ſublunary dance:
Of Deſaguliers ſhe beſpeaks freſh air;
And Whiſton has *engagements* with the fair.
What vain experiments Sophronia tries!
'Tis not in air-pumps the gay Colonel dies.
But though to-day this rage of ſcience reigns,
(O fickle ſex!) ſoon end her learned pains.
Lo! Pug from Jupiter her heart has got,
Turns out the ſtars, and Newton is a ſot.

To ——— turn; ſhe never took the height
Of Saturn, yet is ever in the right.
She ſtrikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzled Learning blunders far behind,
Graceful to fight, and elegant to thought,
The *great* are vanquiſh'd, and the *wiſe* are taught.
Her breeding finiſh'd, and her temper ſweet,
When ſerious, eaſy; and when gay, diſcreet;
In glittering ſcenes, o'er her own heart, ſevere;
In crouds, collected; and in courts, ſincere;
Sincere, and warm, with zeal well-underſtood,
She takes a noble pride in doing good;
Yet, not ſuperior to her ſex's cares,
The mode ſhe fixes by the gown ſhe wears;
Of *filks* and *china* ſhe 's the laſt appeal;
In theſe great points ſhe *leads* the commonweal;
And if diſputes of *empire* riſe between
Mechlin the queen of lace, and Colberteen,
'Tis doubt! 'tis darkneſs! till ſuſpended fate
Aſſumes *her* nod, to cloſe the grand debate.
When ſuch her mind, why will the fair expreſs
Their emulation only in their *dreſs?*
But oh! the nymph that mounts above the *ſkies*,
And, *gratis*, clears religious myſteries,
Reſolv'd the *church's* welfare to enſure,
And make her family a *fine-cure*:
The theme divine at *cards* ſhe 'll not forget,
But *takes* in texts of Scripture at *picquet*;
In thoſe licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her Maker that her *cards* are good.

What angels would thoſe be, who thus excel
In theologics, could they *few* as well!
Yet why ſhould not the fair her text purſue?
Can ſhe more decently the doctor woo?
'Tis hard, too, ſhe who makes no uſe but *chat*
Of her religion, ſhould be barr'd in that.
Iſaac, a brother of the canting ſtrain,
When he has knock'd at his own ſkull in vain,
To beauteous Marcia often will repair
With a dark text, to light it at the *fair*.
O how his pious ſoul exults to find
Such love for *holy* men in womankind!
Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture he
Hangs on her *bloom*, like an induſtrious *bee*;
Hums round about her, and with all his power
Extracts ſweet wiſdom from ſo fair a *flower*!
The *young* and *gay* declining, Appia flies
At nobler game, the *mighty* and the *wiſe*:
By nature more an *eagle* than a *dove*,
She impiouſly prefers the *world* to *love*.
Can wealth give happineſs? look round, and ſee
What gay diſtreſs! what ſplendid miſery!
Whatever fortune laviſhly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
Wealth is a cheat; believe not what it ſays;
Like any lord, it *promiſes*—and *pays*.
How will the miſer ſtartle, to be told
Of ſuch a wonder, as *inſolvent* gold!
What nature *wants* has an intrinſic weight;
All *more* is but the faſhion of the plate,

Which,

iſtaken lovers, who make *worth* their care,
think accompliſhments will win the fair:
fair, 'tis true, by *genius* ſhould be won,
owers unfold their beauties to the *ſun*;
yet in female ſcales a fop out-weighs,
wit muſt wear the *willow* and the *bays*.
ht ſhines ſo bright in vain Liberia's eye
ot, impudence, and perfidy;
outh of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
till'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid;
m, as yet unhang'd, ſhe ſpreads her charms,
es the dear deſtroyer to her arms;
mply gives (though treated long amiſs)
an of merit his revenge in *this*.
reſent, and wiſh a *woman* ill,
rn her o'er one moment to her *will*.
languid lady next appears in ſtate,
as not born to carry her own weight;
ls, reels, ſtaggers, till ſome foreign aid
own ſtature lifts

And that is ſpoke with ſuch a dying fall,
That Betty rather *ſees*, than *hears* the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.
O liſten with attention moſt profound!
Her voice is but the ſhadow of a ſound.
And help! oh help! her ſpirits are ſo dead,
One hand ſcarce lifts the other to her head.
If, there, a ſtubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! ſhe ſinks away! and is no more.
Let the robuſt and the gigantic *carve*,
Life is not worth ſo much, ſhe 'd rather *ſtarve*:
But chew ſhe muſt herſelf; ah cruel fate!
That Roſalinda can't by *proxy* eat.
An *antidote* in female caprice lies
(Kind heaven!) againſt the *poiſon* of their eyes.
Thaleſtris triumphs in a manly mien;
Loud is her accent, and her phraſe obſcene.
In fair and open dealing where 's the ſhame?
What nature dares to *give*, ſhe dares to *name*.
This *honeſt fellow* is ſincere and plain,
And juſtly gives the jealous huſband pain.
(Vain is the taſk to petticoats aſſign'd,
If wanton language ſhews a *naked* mind.)
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath ſupplies the vacancies of ſenſe.
Hark! the ſhrill notes tranſpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighbouring echoes how to ſwear.
By Jove, is faint, and for the ſimple ſwain;
She, on the Chriſtian Syſtem, is prophane.

But

But though the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her *dreſs*, ſhe 's not a grenadier.
If thunder 's awful, how much more our dread,
When Jove deputes a lady in his ſtead?
A *lady!* pardon my miſtaken pen,
A ſhameleſs woman is the worſt of *men*.
Few to good-breeding make a juſt pretence;
Good-breeding is the bloſſom of good-ſenſe;
The laſt reſult of an accompliſh'd mind,
With outward grace, the *holy's virtue*, join'd.
A violated decency now reigns;
And nymphs for *failings* take peculiar pains.
With Chineſe painters modern *toaſts* agree,
The point they aim at is *deformity*:
They *throw* their perſons with a hoyden air
Acroſs the room, and *toſs* into the chair.
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They, for our manners, have exchang'd their own.
The modeſt look, the caſtigated grace,
The gentle movement, and ſlow-meaſur'd pace,
For which her lovers *dy'd*, her parents *pay'd*,
Are indecorums with the *modern* maid.
Stiff forms are bad; but let not worſe intrude,
Nor conquer *art* and *nature*, to be rude.
Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
And Lady D——'s ſelf will be polite.
Ye riſing fair! ye bloom of Britain's iſle!
When high-born Anna, with a ſoften'd ſmile,
Leads on your train, and ſparkles at your head,
What ſeems moſt hard, is, not to be well-bred.

Her bright example with ſucceſs purſue,
And all, but adoration, is your due.
But adoration! give me ſomething *more*,
Cries Lycé, on the borders of *threeſcore*:
Nought treads ſo ſilent as the foot of *time*;
Hence we miſtake our autumn for our prime;
'Tis greatly wiſe to know, before we 're told,
The melancholy news, that we *grow old*.
Autumnal Lycé carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.
O how your beating breaſt a miſtreſs warms,
Who looks through ſpectacles to ſee your charms!
While rival *undertakers* hover round,
And with his ſpade the *ſexton* marks the ground,
Intent not on her own, but others' doom,
She plans new conqueſts, and *defrauds* the tomb.
In vain the cock has ſummon'd *ſprites* away,
She walks at noon, and blaſts the bloom of day.
Gay rainbow ſilks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of Lycé but *herſelf* is old.
Her grizzled locks aſſume a *ſmirking* grace,
And art has *level'd* her deep furrow'd face.
Her ſtrange demand no mortal can approve,
We 'll aſk her *bleſſing*, but can't aſk her *love*.
She grants, indeed, a lady *may* decline
(All ladies *but* herſelf) at *ninety-nine*.
O how unlike her was the ſacred age
Of prudent Portia! *Her* grey hairs *engage*;
Whoſe thoughts are ſuited to her life 's decline:
Virtue 's the paint that can with *wrinkles* ſhine.

arly ſome are falling of the *few*;
en we conquer life's meridian ſtage,
wnward tend into the vale of age,
rop *apace*; by *nature* ſome decay,
ne the blaſts of *fortune* ſweep away;
ked quite of happineſs, aloud
for death, and *ſhelter* in a ſhroud.
s Portia now?—But Portia left behind
ely copies of her form and mind.
art untouch'd their *early* grief can view,
ſhing roſe-buds dipp'd in *morning* dew?
o ſhelter takes their tender bloom,
ns their minds to flee from ills to come?
d, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
the mercy of the wind and tide;
l *paſſion* toſs it to and fro;
orment, and then quite *ſink* in woe.
ous orphans, ſince in ſilent duſt
example lies, my *precepts* truſt.
ns with ills; the *boldeſt* are afraid.

If on your fame *our* ſex a blot has thrown,
'Twill ever ſtick, through malice of your *own*.
Moſt hard! in pleaſing your chief *glory* lies;
And yet from pleaſing your chief *dangers* riſe:
Then pleaſe the *Beſt*; and know, for men of ſenſe,
Your ſtrongeſt charms are native innocence.
Arts on the mind, like *paint* upon the face,
Fright him, that 's worth your love, from your embrace.
In *ſimple* manners all the ſecret lies;
Be kind and virtuous, you 'll be bleſt and wiſe.
Vain *ſhew* and *noiſe* intoxicate the brain,
Begin with *giddineſs*, and end in *pain*.
Affect not *empty* fame, and *idle* praiſe,
Which, all thoſe wretches I deſcribe, betrays.
Your ſex's glory 'tis, to ſhine *unknown*;
Of all applauſe, be fondeſt of *your own*.
Beware the fever of the *mind!* that thirſt
With which the age is eminently curſt:
To drink of *pleaſure*, but inflames deſire;
And abſtinence alone can quench the fire;
Take *pain* from life, and *terror* from the tomb;
Give peace *in hand*; and promiſe bliſs *to come*.

SATIRE

ON

WOMEN.

INSCRIBED TO

Hon. the Lady ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

um tamen & tollit comœdia vocem."

HOR.

HT a patroneſs, but ſought in vain.
whiſper'd in my ear—" Germain."—
not.—" Your reaſon's ſomewhat odd;
ws his patron, now?" reply'd the god.
e, to *me*, and to the *world*, unknown;
l great names, to ſhield them from the town.
worth, like *beauty* diſarray'd,
flies, of *praiſe* itſelf afraid:
e refuſe to patronize your lays.

My portraits grace your *mind*, as his your *ſide*;
His portraits will *inflame*, mine *quench*, your pride:
He 's *dear*, you *frugal*; chooſe my *cheaper* lay;
And be your *reformation* all my *pay*.
Lavinia is *polite*, but not *prophane*;
To Church as conſtant as to Drury-lane.
She decently, *in form*, pays heaven its due;
And makes a civil viſit to her pew.
Her lifted fan, to give a ſolemn air,
Conceals her face, which *paſſes* for a *prayer*:
Curt'ſies to curt'ſies, then, with grace, ſucceed;
Not one the fair omits, but at the Creed.
Or if ſhe joins the Service, 'tis to *ſpeak*;
Through dreadful *ſilence* the pent heart might break;
Untaught to bear it, women *talk away*
To God himſelf, and fondly think they *pray*.
But *ſweet* their accent, and their air *refin'd*;
For they 're before their Maker—and *mankind*:
When ladies once are proud of praying well,
Satan himſelf will toll the pariſh bell.
Acquainted with the world, and quite well-bred,
Druſa receives her viſitants in bed;
But, chaſte as ice, this Veſta, to defy
The very blackeſt tongue of calumny.
When from the ſheets her lovely form ſhe lifts,
She begs you *juſt* would *turn you*, while ſhe *ſhifts*.
Thoſe charms are greateſt which decline the ſight,
That makes the banquet poignant and polite.
There is no *woman*, *where* there 's no *reſerve*;
And 'tis on *plenty* your poor lovers *ſtarve*.

But

ou take a lion by the beard *,
defy the fell Hyrcanian pard,
d rhinoceros, or rough Ruſſian bear,"
your will, and then *converſe* with her.
glories in profuſe expence;
s *diſtraction* is *magnificence*.
her gallant, is *ſome* delight;
e fatal ſtill, is *exquiſite*;
ymph ſuch reaſon to be glad?
two lovers; one run *mad*.
eir honeſt execrations pour;
only ſhould *deteſt* her more.
conſtant to her old gallant,
ouſly ſupports him in his want.
ge is a fetter, is a ſnare,
lady ſo polite can bear.
ful, ſhe 's obſervant, and with pains
rood of *baſtards* ſhe maintains.
vantage has the fair to plead,
guilt, above the *marriage-bed*.

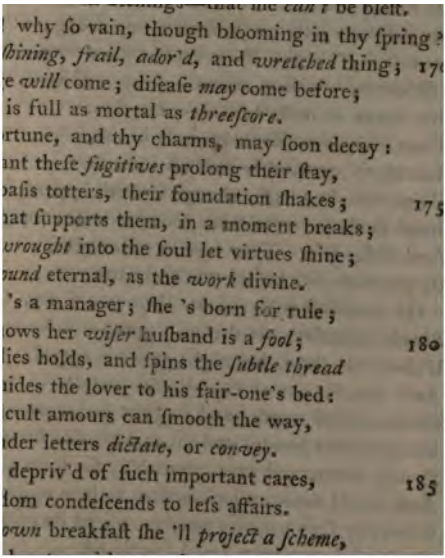
Some might ſuſpect the nymph not *over-good*—
Nor would they be miſtaken, if they ſhould.
Unmarried Abra puts on formal airs;
Her cuſhion 's thread-bare with her conſtant pr
Her only grief is, that ſhe cannot be
At once engag'd in *prayer* and *charity*.
And *this*, to do her juſtice, muſt be ſaid,
" Who would not think that Abra was a mai
Some ladies are too beauteous to be wed;
For where 's the man that 's worthy of their be
If no diſeaſe reduce her pride before,
Lavinia will be raviſh'd at threeſcore.
Then ſhe ſubmits to venture in the dark;
And nothing now is wanting—but her ſpark.
Lucia thinks happineſs conſiſts in ſtate;
She weds an *idiot*, but ſhe eats in *plate*.
The goods of fortune, which her ſoul poſſeſ
Are but the *ground* of *unmade* happineſs;
The rude *material*: *wiſdom* add to *this*,
Wiſdom, the ſole *artificer* of bliſs;
She from herſelf, if ſo compell'd by need,
Of *thin content* can draw the ſubtle thread;
But (no detraction to her ſacred ſkill)
If ſhe can work in *gold*, 'tis better ſtill.
If Tullia had been bleſt with *half* her ſenſe,
None could too much admire her excellence:
But ſince ſhe can make *error* ſhine ſo bright,
She thinks it *vulgar* to defend the *right*.
With underſtanding ſhe is quite o'er-run;
And by too great accompliſhments undone:

er *charms of mind* with ſweet delay.
ſure form'd, perverſely ſome believe,
ıemſelves *important*, men muſt *grieve*.
air, to fire her jealous lord,
he fop ſhe laughs at, is ador'd.
's *proud* of ſecret innocence;
e feigns were ſcarce a worſe offence.
dow'd with every charm to bleſs,
gn, but on her huſband's *peace*:
r much; and greatly was he mov'd
ıquietudes in her he lov'd.
ming this!"—The pleaſure laſted long;
day the fits come thick and ſtrong:
ound the charmer only *feign'd*;
verted when he *ſhould* be pain'd.
er vengeance have the gods in ſtore?
s life, now ſhe can *plague* no more!
houſand arts; but none ſucceed:
l a fever to procure *indeed*:

His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
As unoil'd hinges, querulouſly ſhrill.
" You went laſt night with Celia to the ball."
You prove it falſe. " Not go! that 's worſt of a
Nothing can pleaſe her, nothing not inflame;
And arrant *contradictions* are the *ſame*.
Her lover muſt be *ſad*, to pleaſe her ſpleen;
His *mirth* is an inexpiable ſin:
For of all *rivals* that can pain her breaſt,
There 's *one*, that wounds far deeper than the r
To wreck her quiet, the moſt dreadful ſhelf
Is if her lover dares enjoy himſelf.

And this, becauſe ſhe 's exquiſitely fair:
Should I diſpute her beauty, how ſhe 'd ſtare?
How would Melania be ſurpris'd to hear
She 's quite deform'd? And yet the caſe is clear
What 's female beauty, but an air divine,
Through which the mind's all-gentle graces ſhir
They, like the ſun, irradiate all between;
The body *charms* becauſe the ſoul is *ſeen*.
Hence, men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace:
Some forms, though bright, no mortal man car
Some, none *reſiſt* though not exceeding fair.

Arpaſia 's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taſte refin'd, in life and manners read;
Yet reaps no fruit from her ſuperior ſenſe,
But to be *teaz'd* by her own excellence.
" Folks are ſo aukward! Things ſo unpolite!"
She 's *elegantly* pain'd from morn till night.


why ſo vain, though blooming in thy ſpring?
ſhining, frail, ador'd, and *wretched* thing;
e will come; diſeaſe *may* come before;
is full as mortal as *threeſcore.*
rtune, and thy charms, may ſoon decay:
ant theſe *fugitives* prolong their ſtay,
baſis totters, their foundation ſhakes;
hat ſupports them, in a moment breaks;
wrought into the ſoul let virtues ſhine;
ound eternal, as the *work* divine.
's a manager; ſhe 's born for rule;
ows her *wiſer* huſband is a *fool;*
lies holds, and ſpins the *ſubtle thread*
lides the lover to his fair-one's bed:
cult amours can ſmooth the way,
der letters *dictate,* or *convey.*
depriv'd of ſuch important cares,
dom condeſcends to leſs affairs.
own breakfaſt ſhe 'll *project a ſcheme,*

Syrena is for ever in extremes.
And *with a vengeance* she commends, or blames,
Conscious of her discernment, which is good,
She strains too much to make it understood.
Her *judgment* just, her *sentence* is too strong;
Because she 's right, she 's ever in the wrong.

Brunetta 's wise in actions, great, and rare;
But scorns on *trifles* to bestow her care.
Thus every hour Brunetta is to blame,
Because th' occasion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a *trifle*, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die, before you truly live.

Go breakfast with Alicia, there you 'll see,
Simplex munditiis, to the last degree:
Unlac'd her stays, her night-gown is unty'd,
And what she has of head-dress, is aside.
She draws her words, and waddles in her pace;
Unwash'd her hands, and much besnuff'd her face.
A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd, she loves;
And would draw on jack-boots, as soon as gloves.
Gloves by Queen Bess's maidens might be mist;
Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female *fist*.
Lovers, beware! to *wound* how can she fail
With scarlet finger, and long jetty nail?
For Harvey, the first *wit* she cannot be,
Nor, cruel Richmond, the first *toast*, for thee.
Since full each other station of *renown*,
Who would not be the greatest *trapes* in town?

Women

Women were made to give our eyes delight;
A *female ſloven* is an odious ſight.
Fair Iſabella is ſo fond of *fame*,
That her *dear ſelf* is her eternal theme;
Through hopes of contradiction, oft ſhe 'll ſay,
"Methinks I look ſo wretchedly to-day!"
When moſt the world applauds you, moſt beware;
'Tis often leſs a *bleſſing* than a *ſnare*.
Diſtruſt *mankind*; with your own *heart* confer;
And dread even *there* to find a flatterer.
The breath of *others* raiſes our renown;
Our *own* as ſurely blows the pageant down.
Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
Leſt ſoon you prove a *bankrupt* in your fame.
But own I muſt, in this perverted age,
Who moſt *deſerve*, can't always moſt *engage*.
So far is worth from making glory ſure,
It often hinders what it *ſhould* procure.
Whom praiſe we *moſt?* The virtuous, brave, and wiſe?
No; wretches, whom, in ſecret, we deſpiſe.
And who ſo blind, as not to ſee the cauſe?
No rivals rais'd by ſuch *diſcreet* applauſe;
And yet, of credit it lays in a ſtore,
By which our ſpleen may wound *true* worth the more.
Ladies there are who think *one* crime is *all:*
Can women, then, no way but *backward* fall?
So ſweet is *that one* crime they don't purſue,
To pay its loſs, they think *all* others *few*.
Who hold *that* crime ſo dear, muſt never claim
Of *injur'd modeſty* the ſacred name.

But Clio thus: "What! railing without end?
"Mean talk! how much more generous to commend!"
Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
My kind *inſtructor*, and *example* too.
"Daphnis," ſays Clio, "has a charming eye:
"What pity 'tis her ſhoulder is awry!
"Aſpaſia's ſhape indeed—But then her air—
"The man has parts who finds deſtruction there.
"Almeria's wit has ſomething that 's divine;
"And wit 's enough—how few in all things ſhine!
"Selina ſerves her friends, relieves the poor—
"Who was it ſaid Selina 's near threeſcore?
"At Lucia's match I from my ſoul rejoice;
"The world congratulates ſo wiſe a choice;
"His lordſhip's rent-roll is exceeding great—
"But mortgages will ſap the beſt eſtate.
"In Shirley's form might cherubims appear;
"But then—ſhe has a *freckle* on her *ear*."
Without a *but*, Hortenſia ſhe commends,
The firſt of women, and the beſt of friends;
Owns her in perſon, wit, fame, virtue, bright:
But how comes this to paſs?—She dy'd laſt night.
Thus nymphs commend, who yet at ſatire rail:
Indeed *that* 's needleſs, if *ſuch praiſe* prevail.
And whence ſuch praiſe? Our virulence is thrown
On *others'* fame, through fondneſs for our *own*.
Of rank and riches proud, Cleora frowns;
For are not *coronets* a-kin to *crowns*?
Her greedy eye, and her ſublime addreſs,
The height of *avarice* and *pride* confeſs.

You

nd quite as much defeated as a *wit*.
Can gold calm *paſſion*, or make *reaſon* ſhine?
an we dig *peace*, or *wiſdom*, from the mine?
Viſdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much leſs
o make our *fortune*, than our *happineſs*.
hat happineſs which great-ones often ſee,
Vith rage and wonder, in a low degree;
hemſelves unbleſt. The poor are *only* poor;
ut what are they who *droop* amid their ſtore?
othing is meaner than a wretch *of ſtate*;
he *happy* only are the truly *great*.
eaſants enjoy like appetites with kings;
nd thoſe beſt ſatisfied with cheapeſt things.
'ould *both* our *Indies* buy but *one* new *ſenſe*,
ur envy would be due to large expence.
ince not, thoſe pomps which to the great belong
re but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
ee how they beg an alms of flattery!
hey languiſh! oh ſupport them with a *lye*!
decent competence we fully taſte;

To *see* their treasures, *hear* their glory told,
And *aid* the wretched impotence of gold.
But some, great souls! and touch'd with warm divine,
Give *gold* a *price*, and teach its *beams* to *shine*.
All *hoarded* treasures they repute a load;
Nor think their wealth *their own*, till well bestow'd.
Grand *reservoirs* of public happiness,
Through *secret* stream ively they bless;
And, while their l ide, conceal'd from vie
Relieve our *wants*, ... e our *blushes* too.
But Satire is my and ese destroy
Her gloomy p an alignant joy.
Help me, ye muses: e to complain,
And blast our common c y, Germain:
But our *invectives* must despair success;
For, next to *praise*, she values nothing less.
What picture 's yonder, loosen'd from its frame?
Or is 't Asturia, that affected dame?
The brightest forms, through *affectation*, fade
To strange *new* things, which *nature* never made.
Frown not, ye fair! so much your sex we prize,
We hate those *arts* that take you from our eyes.
In Albucinda's native grace is seen
What you, who *labour* at perfection, mean.
Short is the rule, and to be learnt with ease,
Retain your gentle selves, and you *must* please.
Here might I sing of Memmia's mincing mien,
And all the movements of the soft machine:

lhe, dreadful to the *Love of Fame*.
levaſtations on thy banks are ſeen!
hades of mighty names which *once* have been!
atomb of characters ſupplies
inted altars daily ſacrifice.
P——, B——, aſpers'd by thee, decay,
ns of fineſt ſugars melt away,
ommend the more to mortal taſte;
's the ſweetner of a *feſtale* feaſt.
lis inhuman triumph ſhall decline,
revolting Naiads call for *wine*;
o longer ſhall ſerve *under* thee;
n in thy own cup, *exploded tea!*
s noſe declares thy ruin nigh,
o dares give Citronia's noſe the lye?
ıdies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
ıt impair'd both health and virtue, blam'd;
), to reſcue man, the generous laſs
n her conſort the pernicious glaſs.

Are there, among the females of our iſle,
Such faults, at which it is a fault to *ſmile?*
There are. Vice, once by *modeſt nature* chain'd
And *legal ties*, expatiates unreſtrain'd;
Without thin *decency* held up to view,
Naked ſhe ſtalks o'er Law and Goſpel too.
Our matrons lead ſuch exemplary lives,
Men ſigh in vain for *none* but for their *wives*;
Who *marry* to be *free*, to range the more,
And wed one man, to wanton with a ſcore.
Abroad too kind, at home 'tis ſtedfaſt hate,
And one eternal tempeſt of debate.
What foul eruptions, from a look moſt meek!
What thunders burſting, from a dimpled cheek!
Their *paſſions* bear it with a lofty hand:
But then, their *reaſon* is at due command.
Is there whom you deteſt, and ſeek his life?
Truſt no ſoul with the ſecret—but his wife.
Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
And aſk, what kindred is a *ſpouſe* to them?
What ſwarms of amorous *grandmothers* I ſee!
And miſſes, *antient* in iniquity!
What blaſting whiſpers, and what loud declaiming!
What lying, drinking, bawding, ſwearing, gamin
Friendſhip ſo cold, ſuch warm incontinence;
Such griping avarice, ſuch profuſe expence;
Such dead devotion, ſuch a zeal for crimes;
Such licens'd ill, ſuch maſquerading times;
Such venal faith, ſuch miſapply'd applauſe;
Such flatter'd guilt, and ſuch inverted laws;

Such diſſolution through the whole I find,
'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind.
Since Sundays have no balls, the well-dreſs'd *belle*
Shines in the pew, but ſmiles to hear of *hell*;
And caſts an eye of ſweet diſdain on all,
Who liſten leſs to Collins than St. Paul.
Atheiſts have been but rare; ſince nature's birth,
Till now, She-atheiſts ne'er appear'd on earth.
Ye men of deep reſearches, ſay, whence ſprings
This daring character, in timorous things?
Who ſtart at *feathers*, from an *inſect* fly,
A match for nothing—but the *Deity*.
But, not to wrong the fair, the Muſe muſt own
In this purſuit they court not fame alone;
But join to that a more ſubſtantial view,
"From thinking free, to be free agents too."
They ſtrive with their own hearts, and keep them down,
In complaiſance to all the fools in town.
O how they tremble at the name of *prude!*
And die with ſhame at thought of being *good!*
For what will Artimis, the rich and gay,
What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs, ſay?
They heaven defy, to earth's vile dregs a ſlave;
Through cowardice, moſt execrably brave.
With our own judgments durſt we to comply,
In virtue ſhould we live, in glory die.
Riſe then, my Muſe, in honeſt fury riſe;
They dread a Satire, who defy the Skies.
Atheiſts are few: moſt nymphs a Godhead own;
And nothing but his *attributes* dethrone.

From atheifts far, they ſtedfaſtly believe
God is, and is Almighty—to *forgive*.
His other excellence they 'll not diſpute;
But *mercy*, ſure, is his chief attribute.
Shall pleaſures of a ſhort duration chain
A *lady's* ſoul in everlaſting pain?
Will the great Author us poor worms deſtroy,
For now and then a *ſip* of tranſient joy?
No, he 's for ever in a ſmiling mood;
He 's like themſelves; or how could he be good?
And they blaſpheme, who blacker ſchemes ſuppoſe.—
Devoutly, thus, Jehovah they depoſe,
The *pure!* the *juſt!* and ſet up, in his ſtead,
A deity, that 's perfectly *well-bred*.
" Dear Tillotſon! be ſure the beſt of men;
" Nor thought he more, than thought great Origen.
" Though once upon a time he miſbehav'd;
" Poor Satan! doubtleſs, he 'll at length be ſav'd.
" Let prieſts do ſomething for their One in Ten;
" It is their *trade*; ſo far they 're honeſt men.
" Let them cant on, ſince they have got the knack,
" And dreſs their notions, like themſelves, in *black*;
" Fright us with terrors of a world *unknown*,
" From joys of this, to keep them all their *own*.
" Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee;
" But then they leave our *untith'd virtue* free.
" *Virtue 's a pretty thing to make a ſhow:*
" Did ever mortal write like Rochefoucault?"
Thus pleads the devil's fair apologiſt,
And pleading, ſafely enters on his liſt.

Let

Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain;
Nature disjoins the *beauteous* and *profane*.
For what 's true beauty, but fair virtue's *face?*
Virtue made *visible* in outward grace?
She, then, that 's haunted with an impious mind,
The more she *charms*, the more she *shocks* mankind.

But charms decline: the Fair long vigils keep:
They sleep no more! Quadrille has * murder'd sleep.
"Poor K—p! cries Livia; I have not been there
"These two nights; the poor creature will despair.
"I hate a croud—but to do good, you know—
"And people of condition should bestow."
Convinc'd, o'ercome, to K—p's grave matrons run;
Now *set* a daughter, and now *stake* a son;
Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly;
And beggar half their race—through *charity*.

Immortal were we, or else mortal *quite*,
I less should blame this criminal delight:
But since the gay assembly's gayest room
Is but an upper story to some tomb,
Methinks, we need not our *short* being shun,
And, *thought* to fly, *contend* to be undone.
We need not buy our *ruin* with our *crime*,
And give *eternity* to murder *time*.

The love of gaming is the worst of ills;
With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills;
Inveighs at heaven, neglects the ties of blood;
Destroys the power and will of doing good;
Kills

* Shakespeare.

Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in diſgrace,
And, what is ſtill more dreadful—ſpoils your face.
See yonder ſet of thieves that live on ſpoil,
The *ſcandal* and the *ruin* of our iſle!
And ſee, (ſtrange ſight!) amid that ruffian band,
A form divine high wave her ſnowy hand;
That rattles loud a ſmall enchanted box,
Which, loud as thunder, on the board ſhe knocks.
And as fierce ſtorms, which earth's foundation ſhook,
From Æolus's cave impetuous broke,
From this ſmall cavern a mix'd tempeſt flies,
Fear, rage, convulſion, tears, oaths, blaſphemies!
For men, I mean—the fair diſcharges none;
She (guiltleſs creature!) ſwears to heaven alone,
See her eyes ſtart! cheeks glow! and muſcles ſwell!
Like the mad maid in the Cumean cell.
Thus that divine one her *ſoft* nights employs!
Thus tunes her ſoul to tender nuptial joys!
And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
And on her pillow lays her aking head,
With the dear images her dreams are crown'd,
The *die* ſpins lovely, or the *cards* go round;
Imaginary ruin charms her ſtill;
Her happy lord is cuckol'd by *ſpadille*:
And if ſhe 's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one,
He marks the forehead of her darling ſon.
O ſcene of horror, and of wild deſpair,
Why is the rich Atrides' ſplendid heir
Conſtrain'd to quit his antient lordly ſeat,
And hide his glories in a mean retreat?

Why

Why that drawn ſword? and whence that diſmal cry?
Why pale diſtraction through the family?
See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,
And trembling ſervants from the tempeſt creep.
Why that gay *ſon* to diſtant regions ſent?
What fiends that *daughter's* deſtin'd match prevent?
Why the whole houſe in ſudden ruin laid?
O nothing, but laſt night—my lady *play'd*.
But wanders not my Satire from her theme?
Is *this* too owing to the love of *fame?*
Though now your hearts on *lucre* are beſtow'd,
'Twas firſt a *vain-devotion* to the *mode*;
Nor ceaſe we *here*, ſince 'tis a vice ſo ſtrong;
The torrent ſweeps all womankind along.
This may be ſaid, in honour of our times,
That none now ſtand *diſtinguiſh'd* by their crimes.
If ſin you muſt, take nature for your guide:
Love has ſome ſoft excuſe to ſooth your pride:
Ye fair apoſtates from love's antient power!
Can nothing *raviſh*, but a *golden ſhower?*
Can cards alone your glowing fancy ſeize;
Muſt Cupid learn to *punt*, ere he can *pleaſe?*
When you 're enamour'd of a *lift* or *caſt*,
What can the *preacher* more, to make us *chaſte?*
Why muſt ſtrong youths *unmarry'd* pine away?
They find no woman diſengag'd—from play.
Why pine the *marry'd?*—O ſeverer fate!
They find from play no diſengag'd—*eſtate*.
Flavia, at lovers falſe, *untouch'd*, and *hard*,
Turns pale, and trembles at a *cruel* card.

Nor

Nor Arria's Bible can ſecure her age;
Her threeſcore years are ſhuffling with her page.
While *death* ſtands by, but till the game is done,
To ſweep *that ſtake*, in juſtice, long his *own*;
Like old cards ting'd with ſulphur, ſhe takes fire;
Or, like ſnuffs ſunk in ſockets, blazes higher.
Ye gods! with *new* delights inſpire the Fair;
Or give us *ſons*, and ſave us from deſpair.
Sons, brothers, fathers, huſbands, *tradeſmen*, cloſe
In my complaint, and brand your ſins in *proſe*:
Yet I believe, as firmly as my Creed,
In ſpite of all our wiſdom, you 'll proceed:
Our pride ſo great, our paſſion is ſo ſtrong,
Advice to *right* confirms us in the *wrong*.
I hear you cry, "This fellow 's very odd."
When *you* chaſtiſe, who would not kiſs the rod?
But I 've a charm your anger ſhall controul,
And turn your eyes with coldneſs on the *vole*.

The charm begins! To yonder flood of light,
That burſts o'er gloomy Britain, turn your ſight.
What guardian power o'erwhelms your ſouls with awe?
Her deeds are precepts, her example law;
'Midſt empire's charms, how Carolina's heart
Glows with the love of *virtue*, and of *art!*
Her favour is diffus'd to that degree,
Exceſs of goodneſs! it has dawn'd on me:
When in my page, to balance numerous faults,
Or godlike deeds were ſhown, or generous thoughts,
She ſmil'd, *induſtrious* to be pleas'd, nor knew
From whom my pen the *borrow'd* luſtre drew.

Thus

d the ſtranger in the painted wave, 5
miling, prais'd the beauties which ſhe gave.

* Milton.

SATIRE VII.

TO

THE RI[illegible]HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

" Carmina tum melius, c[illegible]ierit Ipſe, canemus."
VIRG.

ON this laſt labour, this my cloſing ſtrain,
Smile, Walpole, or the Nine inſpire in vain:
To *thee*, 'tis due; that verſe how juſtly thine,
Where Brunſwick's glory crowns the whole deſign?
That glory, which thy counſels make ſo bright;
That glory, which on thee reflects a light.
Illuſtrious commerce, and but rarely known!
To *give*, and *take*, a luſtre from the throne.
Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme;
The *fountain* is not foreign to the *ſtream*.
How all mankind will be ſurpriz'd, to ſee
This flood of Britiſh folly charg'd on thee!
Say, Britain! whence this caprice of thy ſons,
Which through their various ranks with fury runs?
The cauſe is plain, a cauſe which we muſt bleſs;
For caprice is the daughter of *ſucceſs*,
(A bad effect, but from a pleaſing cauſe!)
And gives our rulers undeſign'd applauſe;
Tells how their conduct bids our *wealth* increaſe,
And lulls us in the downy lap of *peace*.

While I ſurvey the bleſſings of our iſle,
Her arts triumphant in the royal ſmile,
Her public *wounds* bound up, her *credit* high,
Her *commerce* ſpreading ſails in every ſky,
The pleaſing ſcene recalls my theme again,
And ſhews the madneſs of ambitious men,
Who, fond of bloodſhed, draw the murdering ſword,
And burn to give mankind a ſingle lord.
The follies paſt are of a private kind;
Their ſphere is ſmall; their miſchief is confin'd:
But daring men there are (Awake, my Muſe,
And raiſe thy verſe!) who bolder phrenzy chuſe;
Who, ſtung by glory, rave, and bound away;
The *world* their field, and *humankind* their prey.
The Grecian chief, th' enthuſiaſt of his *pride*,
With rage and terror ſtalking by his ſide,
Raves round the globe; he ſoars into a God!
Stand faſt, Olympus! and ſuſtain his nod.
The peſt divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
And thrives on mankind's miſeries and pains.
What ſlaughter'd *hoſts!* what *cities* in a blaze!
What waſted *countries!* and what crimſon *ſeas!*
With orphans tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repoſe.
And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraiſe
The boiſterous boy, and blaſt his guilty bays?
Why want we then encomiums on the *ſtorm*,
Or *famine*, or *volcano?* They perform
Their mighty deeds; they, hero-like, can ſlay,
And ſpread their ample deſarts in a day.

O great

O great alliance! O divine renown!
With *dearth*, and *peſtilence*, to ſhare the crown.
When men extol a wild deſtroyer's name,
Earth's Builder and Preſerver they blaſpheme.
One to deſtroy, is murder by the law;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder *thouſands*, takes a ſpecious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal *fame*.
When, after battle, I the field have ſeen
Spread o'er with ghaſtly ſhapes, which once were men;
A *nation* cruſh'd, a nation of the *brave!*
A realm of death! and on this ſide the grave!
Are there, ſaid I, who from this ſad ſurvey,
This *human chaos*, carry ſmiles away?
How did my heart with indignation riſe!
How honeſt nature ſwell'd into my eyes!
How was I ſhock'd to think the hero's trade
Of ſuch materials, *fame* and *triumph*, made!
How guilty theſe! Yet not leſs guilty they,
Who reach falſe glory by a ſmoother way:
Who wrap deſtruction up in gentle words,
And bows, and ſmiles, more fatal than their ſwords;
Who ſtifle *nature*, and ſubſiſt on *art*;
Who coin the *face*, and petrify the *heart*;
All real kindneſs for the ſhew diſcard,
As marble poliſh'd, and as marble hard;
Who do for gold what Chriſtians do through grace,
"With open arms their enemies embrace;"
Who give a nod when broken hearts repine;
"The thinneſt food on which a wretch can dine:"

Or,

ne more candidate for *fame* admit,
gh diſappointed thouſands juſtly blame
artial pen, and boaſt an equal claim:
s their comfort, fools, omitted here,
urniſh laughter for another year.
let Criſpino, who was ne'er refus'd
ſtice yet of being well abus'd,
patience wait; and be content to reign
nk of puppies in ſome future ſtrain.
e future ſtrain, in which the Muſe ſhall tell
ience dwindles, and how *volumes* ſwell.
commentators each *dark* paſſage ſhun,
old their farthing candle to the *ſun*.
tortur'd texts to ſpeak our ſenſe are made,
ery vice is to the Scripture laid.
miſers ſqueeze a young voluptuous peer;
to Lucifer not half ſo dear.
Verſus is leſs qualify'd to ſteal
word and piſtol, than with wax and ſeal.
lawyers fees to ſuch

No maſk in *baſeſt minds* ambition wears,
But in full light pricks up her aſs's ears:
All I have ſung are inſtances of *this*,
And prove my theme unfolded not amiſs.
Ye *vain!* deſiſt from your erroneous ſtrife;
Be wiſe, and quit the *falſe* ſublime of life.
The *true* ambition there alone reſides,
Where *juſtice* vindicates, and *wiſdom* guides;
Where *inward* dignity joins *outward* ſtate;
Our *purpoſe* good, as our *atchievement* great;
Where public *bleſſings* public *praiſe* attend;
Where glory is our *motive*, not our *end*.
Would'ſt thou be *fam'd?* Have thoſe high deeds in
Brave men would act, though *ſcandal* ſhould enſu
Behold a Prince! whom no ſwoln thoughts infl
No pride of thrones, no fever after *Fame*:
But when the welfare of mankind inſpires,
And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,
Proud conqueſts then, then regal pomps delight;
Then crowns, then triumphs, ſparkle in his ſight
Tumult and *noiſe* are dear, which with them bring
His people's bleſſings to their ardent king:
But, when thoſe great heroic motives ceaſe,
His ſwelling ſoul ſubſides to native peace;
From tedious grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
A *ſudden* foe to ſplendor and applauſe;
Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,
Till men and angels jointly ſhout his name.
O pride celeſtial! which can pride diſdain;
O bleſt ambition! which can ne'er be *vain*.

]

From one fam'd Alpine hill, which props the ſky,
In whoſe deep womb unfathom'd waters lie,
Here burſt the Rhone and founding Po; there ſhine,
In infant rills, the Danube and the Rhine;
From the rich ſtore one fruitful urn ſupplies,
Whole kingdoms ſmile, a thouſand harveſts riſe.
In Brunſwick ſuch a ſource the Muſe adores,
Which public bleſſings through half Europe pours.
When his heart burns with ſuch a godlike aim,
Angels and George are rivals for the fame;
George, who in foes can ſoft affections raiſe,
And charm envenom'd Satire into praiſe.
Nor *human* rage alone his power perceives,
But the mad *winds*, and the tumultuous *waves* *.
Ev'n ſtorms (death's fierceſt miniſters!) forbear,
And, in their own wild empire, learn to ſpare.
Thus, *nature's ſelf*, ſupporting *man's* decree,
Stiles Britain's ſovereign, ſovereign of the *ſea*.
While *ſea* and *air*, great Brunſwick! ſhook our ſtate,
And ſported with a king's and kingdom's fate,
Depriv'd of what ſhe lov'd, and preſs'd by fear
Of *ever* loſing what ſhe held moſt dear,
How did Britannia, like Achilles, weep,
And tell her ſorrows to the *kindred deep!*
Hang o'er the floods, and, in devotion warm,
Strive, for Thee, with the ſurge, and fight the ſtorm!
What felt thy Walpole, pilot of the realm!
Our Palinurus ſlept not at the helm;

* The king in danger by ſea.

His eye ne'er clos'd; long ſince enur'd to wake,
And out-watch every ſtar for Brunſwick's ſake:
By thwarting paſſions toſs'd, by cares oppreſt,
He found the tempeſt pictur'd in his breaſt:
But, *now*, what joys that gloom of heart diſpel,
No powers of language—but his own, can tell;
His own, which *nature* and the *graces* form,
At will, to raiſe, or huſh, the *civil* ſtorm.

OCEA

OCEAN;

AN ODE.

OCCASIONED BY

HIS MAJESTY's ROYAL ENCOURAGEMENT

OF

THE SEA SERVICE.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

AN ODE TO THE KING;

AND

A DISCOURSE ON ODE.

I THINK Myſelf obliged to recommend to you a conſideration of the greateſt importance; and I ſhould look upon it as a great happineſs, if, at the beginning of my reign, I could ſee the foundation laid of ſo great and neceſſa[illegible]t, as the increaſe and encourag[illegible]in general; that they may be [illegible]mpelled by force and violence, to enter into th[illegible]: of their country, as oft as occaſion ſhall requ[illegible]A conſideration worthy the repreſentatives of [illegible]le great and flouriſhing in trade and navigation. This leads Me to mention to you the caſe of Greenwich Hoſpital, that care may be taken, by ſome addition to that fund, to render comfortable and effectual that charitable proviſion for the ſupport and maintenance of our ſeamen, worn out, and become decrepit by age and infirmities, in the ſervice of their country. [Speech, Jan. 27, 1727-8.]

I.

OLD Ocean's praiſe
Demands my lays;
A truly-Britiſh theme I ſing;
A theme ſo great,
I dare compleat,
And join with Ocean, Ocean's King.

II.

To Gods and Kings,
The poet ſings;
To Kings and Gods the Muſe is dear;
The Muſe inſpires
With all her fires;
Begin, my ſoul! thy bold career.

III.

From awful ſtate,
From high debate,

IV.

Great Monarch! bow
Thy beaming brow;
To Thee I ſtrike the ſounding lyre,
With proud deſign
In verſe to ſhine;
To rival Greek and Roman fire.

V.

The Roman Ode
Majeſtic flow'd;
Its ſtream divinely clear and ſtrong;
In ſenſe, and ſound,
Thebes roll'd profound;
The torrent roar'd, and foam'd along.

VI.

Let Thebes, nor Rome,
So fam'd, preſume
To triumph o'er a Northern Iſle;
Late Time ſhall know
The North can glow,
If dread Auguſtus deign to ſmile.

VII.

The work is done!
The diſtant ſun
His ſmile ſupplies! exalts my voice!
Through Earth's wide bound
Shall George reſound,
My theme, by duty, and by choice.

Through waves and ſtorms,
And rides in triumph round the ball.

IX.

Since then the main
Sublimes my ſtrain,
To whom ſhould I addreſs my ſong?
To whom but Thee?
The boundleſs *Sea*,
And grateful Muſe, to George belong.

X.

Hail, mighty theme!
Rich mine of fame!
If Gods invok'd extend their aid;
Hail ſubject new!
As Britain's due
Reſerv'd by the Pierian maid.

XI.

Durſt Homer's Muſe,
Or Pindar's chuſe

XII.

No former race,
With ſtrong embrace,
This theme to raviſh durſt aſpire;
With virgin charms
My ſoul it warms,
And melts melodious on my lyre.

XIII.

Now low, now high,
My fingers fly,
Now pauſe, and now freſh muſick ſpring;
Now dance, now creep,
Now dive, now ſweep,
And fetch the ſound from every ſtring.

XIV.

Now numbers riſe,
Like virgin's ſighs;
The ſoft Favonians melt away;
As from the North
Now ruſhes forth
A blaſt, that thunders in my lay.

XV.

My lays I file
With curious toil;
Ye Graces! turn the glowing lines;
On anvils neat
Your ſtrokes repeat;
At every ſtroke the work refines!

XVI. H

How vice it fames!
And wŏrth inflames!
And holds proud empire o'er the grave?

XVII.

Jove mark'd for man
A ſcanty ſpan,
But lent him wings to fly his doom;
Wit ſcorns the grave;
To wit he gave
The life of Gods! immortal bloom!

XVIII.

Since years will fly,
And pleaſures die,
Day after day, as years advance;
Since, while life laſts,
Joy ſuffers blaſts
From frowning fate, and fickle chance;

XIX.

Nor life is long;

XXVIII.

Our Monarch, there,
Rear'd high in air,
Should tempeſts riſe, diſdains to bend;
Like Britiſh oak,
Derides the ſtroke;
His blooming honours far extend!

XXIX.

Beneath them lies,
With lifted eyes,
Fair Albion, like an amorous maid;
While intereſt wings
Bold foreign Kings
To fly, like eagles, to his ſhade.

XXX.

At his proud foot
The Sea pour'd out,
Immortal nouriſhment ſupplies;
Thence wealth, and ſtate,
And power, and—Fate,
Which Europe reads in George's eyes.

ON LYRIC POETRY.

HOW imperfect ſoever my own compoſition may be, yet am I willing to ſpeak a word or two, of the nature of Lyric Poetry; to ſhew that I have, at leaſt, ſome idea of perfection in that kind of poem in which I am engaged; and that I do not think myſelf poet enough entirely to rely on inſpiration for my ſucceſs in it.

To our having, or not having this idea of perfection in the poem we undertake, is chiefly owing the merit or demerit of our performances, as alſo the modeſty or vanity of our opinions concerning them. And in ſpeaking of it I ſhall ſhew how it unavoidably comes to paſs, that *bad* Poets, that is, Poets in general, are eſteemed, and really *are*, the moſt vain, the moſt irritable, and moſt ridiculous ſet of men upon earth. But Poetry in its own nature is certainly

" — Non hos quæſitum munus in uſus." VIRG.

He that has an idea of perfection in the work he undertakes *may* fail in it; he that has not, *muſt:* and yet he will be *vain*. For every little degree of beauty, how ſhort or improper ſoever, will be looked on fondly by him; becauſe it is all pure gains, and more than he promiſed to himſelf; and becauſe he has no teſt, or ſtandard in his judgement, with which to chaſtiſe his opinion of it.

Now this idea of perfection is, in Poetry, more refined than in other kinds of writing; and because more refined, therefore more difficult; and because more difficult, therefore more rarely attained; and the non-attainment of it is, as I have ſaid, the ſource of our vanity. Hence the poetic clan are more obnoxious to vanity than others. And from vanity conſequentially flows that great ſenſibility of diſreſpect, that quick reſentment, that tinder mind that kindles at every ſpark, and juſtly r n out for the "genus irritabile" among mank nd from this combuſtible temper, this ſerious r for no very ſerious things, things looked on as foreign to the important points of li quentially flows that inheritance of ridicu volves on them, from generation to generation. As ſoon as they become authors, they become like Ben Jonſon's angry boy, and learn the art of quarrel.

" —Concordes animæ—dum nocte prementur;
" Heu! quantum inter ſe bellum, ſi lumina vitæ
" Attigerint, quantas acies, ſtragemque ciebunt!
" Qui Juvenes! quantas oſtentant, aſpice, vires.
" Ne, Pueri! ne tanta animis aſſueſcite bella.
" Tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo,
" Syderio flagrans clypeo, & cœleſtibus armis,
" Projice tela manu, ſanguis meus!
" Nec te ullæ facies, non terruit ipſe Typhœus
" Arduus, arma tenens; non te Meſſapus & Uſens,
" Contemptorque Deûm Mezentius." VIRG.

But

But to return. He that *has* this idea of perfection in the work he undertakes, however ſucceſsful he is, will yet be *modeſt*; becauſe to riſe up to that idea, which he propoſed for his model, is almoſt, if not abſolutely, impoſſible.

Theſe two obſervations account for what may ſeem as ſtrange, as it is infallibly true; I mean, they ſhew us why good writers have the loweſt, and bad writers the higheſt, opinion of their own performances. They who have only a *partial* idea of this perfection, as their portion of ignorance or knowledge of it is greater or leſs, have proportionable degrees of modeſty or conceit.

Nor, though natural good underſtanding makes a tolerably juſt judgment in things of this nature, will the reader judge the worſe, for forming to himſelf a notion of what he ought to expect from the piece he has in hand, before he begins his peruſal of it.

The Ode, as it is the eldeſt kind of Poetry, ſo it is more ſpiritous, and more remote from Proſe than any other, in ſenſe, ſound, expreſſion, and conduct. Its thoughts ſhould be uncommon, ſublime, and moral; its numbers full, eaſy, and moſt harmonious; its expreſſion pure, ſtrong, delicate, yet unaffected; and of a *curious felicity* beyond other Poems; its conduct ſhould be rapturous, ſomewhat abrupt, and immethodical to a vulgar eye. That apparent order, and connexion, which gives form and life to *ſome* compoſitions, takes away the very ſoul of *this*. Fire, elevation, and ſelect thought, are indiſpenſable; an hum-

ble, tame, and vulgar Ode is the moſt pitiful error a pen can commit.

" Muſa dedit Fidibus divos, puerosque Deorum."

And as its ſubjects are ſublime, its writer's genius ſhould be ſo too; otherwiſe it becomes the meaneſt thing in writing, viz. an involuntary burleſque.

It is the genuine character, and true merit of the Ode, a little to ſtartle ſome apprehenſions. Men of cold complexions are very apt to miſtake a want of vigour in their imaginations, for a delicacy of taſte in their judgments; and, like perſons of a tender ſight, they look on bright objects, in their natural luſtre, as too glaring; what is moſt delightful to a ſtronger eye, is painful to them. Thus Pindar, who has as much logic at the bottom as Ariſtotle or Euclid, to ſome critics has appeared as mad; and muſt appear ſo to all who enjoy no portion of his own divine ſpirit. Dwarf-underſtandings, meaſuring others by their own ſtandard, are apt to think they ſee a monſter, when they ſee a man.

And indeed it ſeems to be the amends which nature makes to thoſe whom ſhe has not bleſſed with an elevation of mind, to indulge them in the comfortable miſtake, that all is wrong, which falls not within the narrow limits of their own comprehenſions and reliſh.

Judgement, indeed, that maſculine power of the mind, in Ode, as in all compoſitions, ſhould bear the ſupreme ſway; and a beautiful imagination, as its miſtreſs, ſhould be ſubdued to its dominion. Hence,

and

beautiful miſtreſs, is indulged in the appear
mineering; though the judgement, like an ar
in reality carries its point; and the leſs i
ted of it, it ſhews the more maſterly cond
ſerves the greater commendation.

olds true in this province of writing, as in w
more danger, the more honour." It muſt
terprizing; it muſt, in Shakeſpeare's ſtyle, h
eadth 'ſcapes; and often tread the very brink
nor can it ever deſerve the applauſe of the
unleſs it renders itſelf obnoxious to the miſa
ions of the *contrary*.

is Caſimire's ſtrain among the moderns, wh
it, and happy fire, is an honour to them. A
an might juſtly be much admired, if any thi
han the ſweetneſs of his numbers, and t
f his diction, were his own: his original, fro
have taken my motto, through all the diſad
of a Northern proſe tranſlation, is ſtill admi
and. Cowley ſays

that it was the higheſt commendation that could be given an Antient, that he was not afraid to taſte of her charms;

" Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit hauſtus;"

a danger which Horace declares he durſt not run.

Anacreon's Muſe is like Amoret, moſt ſweet, natural, and delicate; all over flowers, graces, and charms; inſpiring complacency, not awe; and he ſeems to have good-nature enough to *admit* a rival, which ſhe cannot *find*.

Sappho's Muſe, like Lady ——, is paſſionately tender, and glowing; like oil ſet on fire, ſhe is *ſoft*, and *warm*, in exceſs. Sappho has left us a few fragments only; Time has ſwallowed the reſt; but that little which remains, like the remaining jewel of Cleopatra, after the other was diſſolved at her banquet, may be eſteemed (as was that jewel) a ſufficient ornament for the goddeſs of beauty herſelf.

Horace's Muſe (like one I ſhall not preſume to name) is correct, ſolid, and moral; ſhe joins all the ſweetneſs and majeſty, all the ſenſe and the fire of the *former*, in the juſteſt proportions and degrees; ſuperadding a felicity of dreſs entirely her own. She moreover is diſtinguiſhable by this particularity, That ſhe abounds in *hidden* graces, and *ſecret* charms, which none but the diſcerning can diſcover; nor are any capable of doing full juſtice, in their opinion, to her excellencies, without giving the world, at the ſame time, an inconteſtable proof of refinement in their own underſtandings.

But,

But, after all, to the honour of our own country I muſt add, that I think Mr. Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day inferior to no compoſition of this kind. Its chief beauty conſiſts in adapting the numbers moſt happily to the variety of the occaſion. Thoſe by which he has choſen to expreſs Majeſty, (viz.)

Aſſumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

are choſen in the following Ode, becauſe the ſubject of it is great.

For the more harmony likewiſe, I choſe the frequent return of rhyme; which laid me under great difficulties. But difficulties overcome give grace and pleaſure. Nor can I account for the pleaſure of rhyme in general (of which the moderns are too fond) but from this truth.

But then the Writer muſt take care that the difficulty *is* overcome. That is, he muſt make rhyme conſiſtent with as perfect ſenſe, and expreſſion, as could be expected if he was free from that ſhackle. Otherwiſe, it gives neither grace to the work, nor pleaſure to the reader, nor, conſequently, reputation to the Poet.

To ſum the whole: Ode ſhould be peculiar, but not ſtrained; moral, but not flat; natural, but not obvious; delicate, but not affected; noble, but not ambitious; full, but not obſcure; fiery, but not mad; thick, but not loaded in its numbers, which ſhould be moſt harmonious, without the leaſt ſacrifice of ex-

preſſion, or of ſenſe. Above all, in this, as in every work of genius, ſomewhat of an original ſpirit ſhould be, at leaſt, attempted; otherwiſe the Poet, whoſe character diſclaims mediocrity, makes a ſecondary praiſe his ultimate ambition; which has ſomething of a contradiction in it. Originals only have true life, and differ as much from the beſt Imitations, as men from the moſt animated pictures of them. Nor is what I ſay at all inconſiſtent with a due deference for the great ſtandards of Antiquity; nay, that very deference is an argument for it, for doubtleſs their example is on my ſide in this matter. And we ſhould rather imitate their example in the general motives, and fundamental methods of their working, than in their works themſelves. This is a diſtinction, I think, not hitherto made, and a diſtinction of conſequence. For the firſt may make us their equals; the ſecond muſt pronounce us their inferiors even in our utmoſt ſucceſs. But the firſt of theſe prizes is not ſo readily taken by the moderns; as valuables too maſſy for eaſy carriage are not ſo liable to the thief.

The Antients had a particular regard to the choice of their ſubjects; which were generally national and great. My ſubject is, in its own nature, noble; moſt proper for an Engliſhman; never more proper than on this occaſion; and (what is ſtrange) hitherto unſung.

If I ſtand not abſolutely condemned by my own rules; if I have hit the ſpirit of Ode in general; if I cannot think with Mr. Cowley, that "Muſic alone, "ſometimes, makes an excellent Ode,"

"Verſus

air for wits; I hope ſmaller faults will
ence for the ſake of the deſign, which
y of my Country and my King.
nd indeed, this may be ſaid, in general, th
ects are above being nice; that dignity an
ſuffer from ſcrupulous exactneſs; and t
uter cares effeminate a compoſition. Great
Poetry, Painting, and Statuary, in their
ks, have even affected the contrary: and
truly-maſculine air partakes more of the
, than of the neat, both in writings, and in
Grandis oratio haberet majeſtatis ſuæ pond

PE

Poem, like a criminal, under too ſevere
may loſe all its ſpirit, and expire. We
s Faber imus, that was ſuch an artiſt at a
. And we know the cauſe was
" Quia ponere totum
" Neſcius."
cloſe; If a piece of this nature wants

giving a general importance to it.
lear from the knowledge of human
iſtory; from which I could cite ver
tances, did I not fear that, by citing
ondemn myſelf, who am ſo little qual
ir example in its full extent.

OCE

A N O D E.

LUDING WITH A WISH

fea make a noiſe, let the floods clap thei
nds."
PSAL. xcviii.

I.

SWEET rural ſcene!
Of flocks and green!
careleſs eaſe my limbs are ſpread;
All nature ſtill,
But yonder rill;
liſtening pines nod o'er my head:

II.

In proſpect wide,
The boundleſs tide!

III.

Who ſings the ſource
Of wealth and force?
field of commerce and big war:
Where wonders dwell!
Where terrors ſwell!
nd Neptune thunders from his car?

Wl are they,
ray
H: divinely rave?
What. ſpire?
I ſn e,
And plung. oaming wave.

The wave reſounds!
The rock rebounds!
The Nereids to my ſong reply!
I lead the choir,
And they conſpire
With voice and ſhell to lift it high;

VI.

They ſpread in air
Their boſoms fair;
Their verdant treſſes pour behind.
The billows beat
With nimble feet,
With notes triumphant ſwell the wind.

Parnaſſus' hill,
And Orpheus' ſkill;
let Arion's harp be mine.

VIII.

The main! the main!
Is Britain's reign;
ſtrength, her glory, is her fleet;
The main! the main!
Be Briton's ſtrain;
Triton's ſtrong, as Syren's ſweet.

IX.

Through nature wide,
Is nought deſcry'd
ch in pleaſure, or ſurprize;
When all-ſerene,
How ſweet the ſcene!
dreadful, when the billows riſe.

X.

And ſtorms deface

XI.

When tempeſts ceaſe,
And huſh'd in peace
The flatten'd ſurges ſmoothly ſpread
Deep ſilence keep,
And ſeem to ſleep
Recumbent on their oozy bed;

XII.

With what a trance
The level glance,
Unbroken, ſhoots along the ſeas!
Which tempt from ſhore
The painted oar;
And every canvas courts the breeze!

XIII.

When ruſhes forth
The frowning North
On blackening billows, with what dread
My ſhuddering ſoul
Beholds them roll,
And hears their roarings o'er my head!

XIV.

With terror mark
Yon flying bark!
Now, center-deep deſcend the brave;
Now, toſs'd on high
It takes the ſky,
A feather on the towering wave!

VII.

Who love the ſhore,
Let thoſe adore
The God Apollo, and his Nine,
Parnaſſus' hill,
And Orpheus' ſkill;
But let Arion's harp be mine.

VIII.

The main! the main!
Is Britain's reign;
Her ſtrength, her glory, is her fleet;
The main! the main!
Be Briton's ſtrain;
As Triton's ſtrong, as Syren's ſweet.

IX.

Through nature wide,
Is nought deſcry'd
So rich in pleaſure, or ſurprize;
When all-ſerene,
How ſweet the ſcene!
How dreadful, when the billows riſe.

X.

And ſtorms deface
The fluid glaſs,
In which ere-while Britannia fair
Look'd down with pride,
Like Ocean's bride,
Adjuſting her majeſtic air.

XI. When

XIX.

The ſtars are bright
To chear the night,
And ſhed, through ſhadows, temper'd fire;
And Phœbus flames
With burniſh'd beams,
Which ſome adore, and all admire.

XX.

Are then the ſeas
Outſhone by theſe?
Bright Thetys! thou art not outſhone;
With kinder beams,
And ſofter gleams,
Thy boſom wears them as thy own.

XXI.

There, ſet in green,
Gold-ſtars are ſeen,
A mantle rich! thy charms to wrap;
And when the ſun
His race has run,
He falls enamour'd in thy lap.

XXII.

Thoſe clouds, whoſe dyes
Adorn the ſkies,
That ſilver ſnow, that pearly rain;
Has Phœbus ſtole
To grace the pole,
The plunder of th' invaded main!

XXIII.

XXIII.

The gaudy bow,
Whoſe colours glow,
Whoſe arch with ſo much ſkill is bent,
To Phœbus' ray
Which paints ſo gay,
By thee the watery woof was lent.

XXIV.

In chambers deep,
Where waters ſleep,
What unknown treaſures pave the floor!
The pearl in rows
Pale luſtre throws;
The wealth immenſe, which ſtorms devour.

XXV.

From Indian mines,
With proud deſigns,
The merchant, ſwoln, digs golden ore.
The tempeſts riſe,
And ſeize the prize,
And toſs him breathleſs on the ſhore.

XXVI.

His ſon complains
In pious ſtrains
"Ah! cruel thirſt of gold!" he cries;
Then ploughs the main,
In zeal for gain,
The tears yet ſwelling in his eyes.

XXVII.

Thou watery vaft!
What mounds are caſt
To bar thy dreadful flowings o'er?
Thy proudeſt foams
Muſt know its home;
But rage of gold diſdains a ſhore.

XXVIII.

Gold Pleaſure buys;
But Pleaſure dies,
Too ſoon the groſs fruition cloys:
Though raptures court,
The ſenſe is ſhort;
But Virtue kindles living joys;

XXIX.

Joys felt alone!
Joys aſk'd of none!
Which Time's and Fortune's arrows miſs;
Joys that ſubſiſt,
Though Fates reſiſt,
And unprecarious endleſs bliſs!

XXX.

The ſoul refin'd
Is moſt inclin'd
To every moral excellence;
All Vice is dull,
A knave 's a fool;
And Virtue is the child of Senſe.

XXXI.

The shaken ball,
Nor planets fall,
From its firm basis can dethrone.

XXXII.

This Britain knows,
And therefore glows
With generous passions, and expends
Her wealth and zeal
On public weal,
And brightens both by godlike ends.

XXXIII.

What end so great,
As that which late
Awoke the Genius of the *main*,
Which towering rose
With George to close,
And rival great Eliza's reign?

XXXIV.

A voice has flown

XXXV.

When nature ſprung,
Bleſt angels ſung,
And ſhouted o'er the riſing ball;
For ſtrains as high
As man's can fly,
Theſe ſea-devoted honours call.

XXXVI.

From boiſterous ſeas,
The lap of eaſe
Receives our wounded and our old;
High domes aſcend!
Stretch'd arches bend!
Proud columns ſwell! wide gates unfold!

XXXVII.

So ſleeps the grain,
In foſtering rain,
And vital beams, till Jove deſcend;
Then burſts the root!
The verdures ſhoot!
And earth enrich, adorn, defend!

XXXVIII.

Here, ſoft-reclin'd
From wave, from wind,
And Fortune's tempeſt ſafe aſhore,
To cheat their care,
Of former war
They talk the pleaſing ſhadows o'er.

And, o'er the bowl,
They fire the ſoul
Of liſtening youth, to martial rage.

XL.

The ſtory done,
Their ſetting ſun,
Serenely ſmiling down the Weſt,
In ſoft decay,
They drop away;
And Honour leads them to their reſt.

XLI.

Unhappy they!
And falſely gay!
Who baſk for ever in ſucceſs;
A conſtant feaſt
Quite palls the taſte,
And long enjoyment is diſtreſs.

XLII.

XLIII.

When, after toil,
His native toil
The panting mariner regains,
What transport flows
From bare repose!
We reap our pleasure from our pains.

XLIV.

Ye warlike slain!
Beneath the main,
Wrapt in a watery winding sheet;
Who bought with blood
Your country's good,
Your country's full-blown glory greet.

XLV.

What powerful charm
Can death disarm?
Your long, your iron slumbers break?
By Jove, by Fame,
By George's name,
Awake! awake! awake!

XLVI.

Our joy so proud,
Our shout so loud,
Without a charm the dead might hear:
And see, they rouze!
Their awful brows,
Deep-scar'd, from oozy pillows rear!

watery realms thou
Your pearl-alcoves,
Your coral-groves,
Should echo theirs, and Britain's

XLVIII.

As long as ſtars
Guide mariners,
As Carolina's virtues pleaſe,
Or ſuns invite
The raviſh'd ſight,
The Britiſh flag ſhall ſweep the ſea

XLIX.

Peculiar both!
Our ſoil's ſtrong growth,
And our bold natives hardy mind;
Sure Heaven beſpoke
Our hearts, and oak,
To give a maſter to mankind.

L.

LIX.

In landskips green
True Bliss is seen,
With Innocence, in shades, she sports;
In wealthy towns
Proud Labour frowns,
And painted Sorrow smiles in courts.

LX.

These scenes untry'd
Seduc'd my pride,
To Fortune's arrows bar'd my breast;
Till Wisdom came,
A hoary dame!
And told me pleasure was in rest.

LXI.

" O may I steal
" Along the vale
" Of humble life, secure from foes!
" My friend sincere!
" My judgement clear!
" And gentle business my repose!

LXII.

" My mind be strong
" To combat wrong!
" Grateful, O King! for favours shown!
" Soft to complain
" For others' pain!
" And bold to triumph o'er my own!

LXIII.

" (When Fortune's kind)
" Acute to find,
" And warm to reliſh every boon!
" And wiſe to ſtill
" Fantaſtic ill,
" Whoſe frightful ſpectres ſtalk at noon!

LXIV.

" No fruitleſs toils!
" No brainleſs broils!
" Each moment level'd at the mark!
" Our day ſo ſhort
" Invites to ſport;
" Be ſad and ſolemn when 'tis dark.

LXV.

" Yet Prudence ſtill
" Rein thou my will!
" What 's moſt important, make moſt dear!
" For 'tis in this,
" Reſides true bliſs;
" True bliſs, a deity ſevere!

LXVI.

" When temper leans
" To gayer ſcenes,
" And ſerious life void moments ſpares,
" The ſylvan chace
" My ſinews brace!
" Or ſong unbend my mind from cares!

LXVII. " Nor

LXVII.

" Nor ſhun, my ſoul!
" The genial bowl,
" Where mirth, good-nature, ſpirit, flow!
" Ingredients theſe,
" Above, to pleaſe
" The laughing gods, the wiſe, below.

LXVIII.

" Though rich the vine,
" More wit, than wine,
" More ſenſe, than wit, good-will than art,
" May I provide!
" Fair Truth, my pride!
" My joy, the converſe of the heart!

LXIX.

" The gloomy brow,
" The broken vow,
" To diſtant climes, ye gods! remove!
" The nobly-ſoul'd
" Their commerce hold
" With words of truth, and looks of love!

LXX.

" O glorious aim!
" O wealth ſupreme!
" Divine Benevolence of ſoul!
" That greatly glows,
" And freely flows,
" And in one bleſſing graſps the whole!

LXXI. " Prophetic

" Have, what I have!
" And live, not leave,
" Enamour'd of the preſent day!

LXXII.

" My hours my own!
" My faults unknown!
" My chief revenue in content!
" Then, leave one beam
" Of honeſt fame!
" And ſcorn the labour'd monument!

LXXIII.

" Unhurt my urn!
" Till that great turn
" When mighty Nature's ſelf ſhall die.
" Time ceaſe to glide,
" With human pride,
" Sunk in the Ocean of Eternity."

A

PARAPHRASE

ON PART OF

THE BOOK OF JOB.

His day of birth, its inauſpicious light,
He wiſhes ſunk in ſhades of endleſs night,
And blotted from the year; nor fears to crave
Death, inſtant death; impatient for the grave,
That ſeat of peace, that manſion of repoſe,
Where reſt and mortals are no longer foes;
Where counſellors are huſh'd, and mighty kings
(O happy turn!) no more are wretched things.
His words were daring, and diſpleas'd his friends
His conduct they reprove, and he defends;
And now they kindled into warm debate,
And ſentiments oppos'd with equal heat;
Fix'd in opinion, both refuſe to yield,
And ſummon all their reaſon to the field:
So high at length their arguments were wrought,
They reach'd the laſt extent of human thought:
A pauſe enſued.—When, lo! heaven interpos'd,
And awefully the long contention clos'd.
Full o'er their heads, with terrible ſurprize,
A ſudden whirlwind blacken'd all the ſkies:
(They ſaw, and trembled!) from the darkneſs burſt
A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty ſpoke:
Who gives his tongue a looſe ſo bold and vain,
Cenſures my conduct, and reproves my reign;
Lifts up his thought againſt me from the duſt,
And tells the World's Creator what is juſt?
Of late ſo brave, now lift a dauntleſs eye,
Face my demand, and give it a reply:
Where didſt Thou dwell at nature's early birth?
Who laid foundations for the ſpacious *earth?*

TO THE

RIGHT HON. THOMAS LORD PARKER, BARON OF MACCLESFIELD,

LORD HIGH-CHANCELLOR OF GREAT-BRITAIN ETC. ETC.

MY LORD,

THOUGH I have not the honour of being known to your Lordſhip, I preſume to take a privilege which men of retirement are apt to think themſelves in poſſeſſion of, as being the only method they have of making their way to perſons of your Lordſhip's high ſtation without ſtruggling through multitudes for acceſs. I may poſſibly fail in my reſpect to your Lordſhip, even while I endeavour to ſhew it moſt; but if I err, it is becauſe I imagined I ought not to make my firſt approach to one of your Lordſhip's exalted character with leſs ceremony than that of a Dedication. It is annexed to the condition of eminent merit, not to ſuffer more from the malice of its enemies, than from the importunity of its admirers; and perhaps it would be unjuſt, that your Lordſhip ſhould hope to be exempted from the troubles, when you poſſeſs all the talents, of a patron.

I have here a fair occaſion to celebrate thoſe ſublime qualities, of which a whole nation is ſenſible, were it not inconſiſtent with the deſign of my preſent application. By the juſt diſcharge of your great employments, your Lordſhip may well deſerve the prayers

of the diſtreſſed, the thanks of your country, and the approbation of your Royal Maſter: this indeed is a reaſon why every good Briton ſhould applaud your Lordſhip; but it is equally a reaſon why none ſhould diſturb you in the execution of your important affairs by works of fancy and amuſement. I was therefore induced to make this addreſs to your Lordſhip, by conſidering you rather in the amiable light of a perſon diſtinguiſhed for a refined taſte of the polite arts, and the ca[illegible] tends it, than in the dignity of

The g[illegible] of the ſubjects treated of in the [illegible] fail in ſome meaſure to recom[illegible] ho holds in the utmoſt veneration [illegible] which it is taken; and would [illegible] tify to the world my choice of the great na[illegible] ed to it, could I be aſſured that the undertaking had not ſuffered in my hands. Thus much I think myſelf obliged to ſay, that if this little Performance had not been very indulgently ſpoken of by ſome, whoſe judgment is univerſally allowed in writings of this nature, I had not dared to gratify my ambition in offering it to your Lordſhip: I am ſenſible that I am endeavouring to excuſe one vanity by another; but I hope I ſhall meet with pardon for it, ſince it is viſibly intended to ſhew the great ſubmiſſion and reſpect with which I am,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's moſt obedient,
and moſt humble Servant,

EDWARD YOUNG.

ng rivers, and of verdant fields;
roves and foreſts laviſh all their bloom,
th and heaven are fill'd with rich perfume?
Thou e'er ſcal'd my wintry ſkies, and ſeen
and *ſnows* my northern magazine?
ıe dread treaſures of mine anger are,
ls of vengeance for the day of war,
louds rain death, and ſtorms at my commanc
rough the world, or waſte a guilty land.
taught the rapid *winds* to fly ſo faſt,
:s the centre with his eaſtern blaſt?
ɔm the ſkies can a whole deluge pour?
ikes through nature with the ſolemn roar
dful *thunder*, points it where to fall,
fierce *lightning* wraps the flying ball?
who trembles at the darted fires,
the ſound, and in the flaſh expires.
drew the *comet* out to ſuch a ſize,
ur'd his flaming train o'er half the ſkies?
y reſentment hang him out? Does he

And teach the bright Arcturus where to g
Mine is the *night*, with all her ſtars; I pc
Myriads, and myriads I reſerve in ſtore.
Doſt Thou pronounce where day-light
And draw the purple curtain of the morn
Awake the *ſun*, and bid him come away,
And glad *thy* world with his obſequious r
Haſt Thou, inthron'd in flaming glory, d
Triumphant round the ſpacious ring of h
That pomp of light, what hand ſo far diſ
That diſtant earth lies baſking in the blaz
Who did the *ſoul* with her rich powers i
And light up reaſon in the human breaſt?
To ſhine, with freſh increaſe of luſtre, bri
When ſtars and ſun are ſet in endleſs nigh
To theſe my various queſtions make reply.
Th' Almighty ſpoke; and, ſpeaking, ſh
What then, Chaldæan Sire, was thy ſu
Thus Thou, with trembling heart and do
" Once and again, which I in groans dep
" My tongue has err'd: but ſhall preſum

heir rage, and daſh the diſtant ſkies?
e forth, in beauty's excellence array'd;
the grandeur of thy power diſplay'd;
omnipotence, and, frowning, make
acious round of the creation ſhake;
h thy vengeance, bid it overthrow
phant vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
umble them to duſt. When this is done,
thy ſafety lodg'd in Thee alone;
ee Thou art, and mayſt undaunted ſtand,
the buckler of thine own right-hand.
l man! the viſion of a moment made!
of a dream! and ſhadow of a ſhade!
worlds haſt Thou produc'd, what creatures fram
inſects cheriſh'd, that thy God is blam'd?
pain'd with hunger, the wild Raven's brood
alls on God, importunate for food:
ears their cry, who grants their hoarſe requ
ills the clamour of the craving neſt?
in the ſtupid Oſtrich has ſubdued

Canſt Thou the ſkies benevolence reſtrain,
And cauſe the Pleiades to ſhine in vain;
Or, when Orion ſparkles from his ſphere,
Thaw the cold ſeaſon, and unbind the year;
Bid Mazzaroth his deſtin'd ſtation know,
And teach the bright Arcturus where to glow?
Mine is the *night*, with all her ſtars; I pour
Myriads, and myriads I reſerve in ſtore.

Doſt Thou pronounce where day-light ſhall be born,
And draw the purple curtain of the morn;
Awake the *ſun*, and bid him come away,
And glad *thy* world with his obſequious ray?
Haſt Thou, inthron'd in flaming glory, driven
Triumphant round the ſpacious ring of heaven?
That pomp of light, what hand ſo far diſplays,
That diſtant earth lies baſking in the blaze?

Who did the *ſoul* with her rich powers inveſt,
And light up reaſon in the human breaſt?
To ſhine, with freſh increaſe of luſtre, bright,
When ſtars and ſun are ſet in endleſs night?
To theſe my various queſtions make reply.
Th' Almighty ſpoke; and, ſpeaking, ſhook the ſky.

What then, Chaldæan Sire, was thy ſurprize!
Thus Thou, with trembling heart and down-caſt eyes:
" Once and again, which I in groans deplore,
" My tongue has err'd; but ſhall preſume no more.
" My voice is in eternal ſilence bound,
" And all my ſoul falls proſtrate to the ground."

He ceas'd: When, lo! again th' Almighty ſpoke;
The ſame dread voice from the black whirlwind broke.

Know'ſt Thou how many moons, by Me aſſign'd,
Roll o'er the mountain Goat, and foreſt Hind,
While pregnant they a mother's load ſuſtain?
They bend in anguiſh, and caſt forth their pain.
Hale are their young, from human frailties freed;
Walk unſuſtain'd, and unaſſiſted feed;
They live at once; forſake the dam's warm ſide;
Take the wide world, with nature for their guide;
Bound o'er the lawn, or ſeek the diſtant glade;
And find a home in each delightful ſhade.

Will th' tall Reem, which knows no Lord but Me,
Low at the crib, and aſk an alms of thee?
Submit his unworn ſhoulder to the yoke,
Break the ſtiff clod, and o'er thy furrow ſmoke?
Since great his ſtrength, go truſt him, void of care;
Lay on his neck the toil of all the year;
Bid him bring home the ſeaſons to thy doors,
And caſt his load among thy gather'd ſtores.

Didſt thou from ſervice the Wild-Aſs diſcharge,
And break his bonds, and bid him live at large,
Through the wide waſte, his ample manſion, roam,
And loſe himſelf in his unbounded home?
By nature's hand magnificently fed,
His meal is on the range of mountains ſpread;
As in pure air aloft he bounds along,
He ſees in diſtant ſmoke the city throng;
Conſcious of freedom, ſcorns the ſmother'd train,
The threatening driver, and the ſervile rein.

Survey the warlike Horſe! didſt Thou inveſt
With thunder his robuſt diſtended cheſt?

No ſenſe of fear his dauntleſs ſoul allays;
'Tis dreadful to behold his noſtrils blaze;
To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
And triumphs in the fulneſs of his might;
High-rais'd he ſnuffs the battle from afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging war;
And mocks at death, and throws his foam around,
And in a ſtorm of fury ſhakes the ground.
How does his firm, his riſing heart, advance
Full on the brandiſh'd ſword, and ſhaken lance;
While his fix'd eye-balls meet the dazzling ſhield,
Gaze, and return the lightning of the field!
He ſinks the ſenſe of pain in generous pride,
Nor feels the ſhaft that trembles in his ſide;
But neighs to the ſhrill trumpet's dreadful blaſt
Till death; and when he groans, he groans his laſt.
  But, fiercer ſtill, the lordly Lion ſtalks,
Grimly majeſtic in his lonely walks;
When round he glares, all living creatures fly;
He clears the deſart with his rolling eye.
Say, mortal, does he rouſe at thy command,
And roar to Thee, and live upon thy hand?
Doſt thou for him in foreſts bend thy bow,
And to his gloomy den the morſel throw,
Where bent on death lie hid his tawny brood,
And, couch'd in dreadful ambuſh, pant for blood;
Or, ſtretch'd on broken limbs, conſume the day,
In darkneſs wrapt, and ſlumber o'er their prey?
By the pale moon they take their deſtin'd round,
And laſh their ſides, and furious tear the ground.

Now

Now ſhrieks and dying groans the deſart fill;
They rage, they rend; their ravenous jaws diſtil
With crimſon foam; and, when the banquet's o'er,
They ſtride away, and paint their ſteps with gore;
In flight alone the ſhepherd puts his truſt,
And ſhudders at the talon in the duſt.

Mild is my Behemoth, though large his frame;
Smooth is his temper, and repreſt his flame,
While unprovok'd. This native of the flood
Lifts his broad foot, and puts aſhore for food;
Earth ſinks beneath him, as he moves along
To ſeek the herbs, and mingle with the throng.
See with what ſtrength his harden'd loins are bound,
All over proof and ſhut againſt a wound.
How like a mountain cedar moves his tail!
Nor can his complicated ſinews fail.
Built high and wide, his ſolid bones ſurpaſs
The bars of ſteel; his ribs are ribs of braſs;
His port majeſtic and his armed jaw
Give the wide foreſt, and the mountain, law.
The mountains feed him; there the beaſts admire
The mighty ſtranger, and in dread retire,
At length his greatneſs nearer they ſurvey,
Graze in his ſhadow, and his eye obey.
The fens and marſhes are his cool retreat,
His noontide ſhelter from the burning heat;
Their ſedgy boſoms his wide couch are made,
And groves of willows give him all their ſhade.

His eye drinks Jordan up, when fir'd with drought,
He truſts to turn its current down his throat;

In

In leſſen'd waves it creeps along the plain:
He ſinks a river, and he thirſts again.
Go to the Nile, and, from its fruitful ſide,
Caſt forth thy line into the ſwelling tide:
With ſlender hair Leviathan command,
And ſtretch his vaſtneſs on the loaded ſtrand.
Will he become Thy ſervant? Will he own
Thy lordly nod, and tremble at Thy frown?
Or with his ſport amuſe thy leiſure day,
And, bound in ſilk, with thy ſoft maidens play?
Shall pompous banquets ſwell with ſuch a prize?
And the bowl journey round his ample ſize?
Or the debating merchants ſhare the prey,
And various limbs to various marts convey?
Through his firm ſkull what ſteel its way can win?
What forceful engine can ſubdue his ſkin?
Fly far, and live; tempt not his matchleſs might:
The braveſt ſhrink to cowards in his ſight;
The raſheſt dare not rouſe him up: Who then
Shall turn on Me, among the ſons of men?
Am I a debtor? Haſt thou ever heard
Whence come the gifts that are on Me conferr'd?
My laviſh fruit a thouſand valleys fills,
And Mine the herds that graze a thouſand hills:
Earth, ſea, and air, all nature is my own;
And ſtars and ſun are duſt beneath my throne.
And dar'ſt Thou with the World's great Father vye,
Thou, who doſt tremble at my creature's eye?
At full my large Leviathan ſhall riſe,
Boaſt all his ſtrength, and ſpread his wondrous ſize.

Who,

g'd with death, and crowding rows on rows
leous fangs on either ſide ariſe!
t a deep abyſs between them lies!
h thy lance, and with thy plumbet ſound,
how long, the other how profound.
is charg'd with ſuch a furious ſoul,
uds of ſmoke from his ſpread noſtrils roll,
a furnace; and, when rous'd his ire,
s from his jaws in ſtreams of fire.
of tempeſts, and the roar of ſeas,
or, this thy great Superior pleaſe;
on his ample ſhoulder ſits in ſtate;
join'd limbs are dreadfully complete;
s of ſolid fleſh are ſlow to part;
his nerves, as adamant his heart.
late awak'd, he rears him from the floods,
etching forth his ſtature to the clouds,
in the ſun aloft his ſcaly height,
es the diſtant hills with tranſient light,
d are fatal damps of terror ſpread,

His naked breaſt their impotence defies;
The dart rebounds, the brittle fauchion flies.
Shut in himſelf, the war without he hears,
Safe in the tempeſt of their rattling ſpears;
The cumber'd ſtrand their waſted vollies ſtrow;
His ſport, the rage and labour of the foe.
His paſtimes like a cauldron boil the flood,
And blacken ocean with the riſing mud;
The billows feel him, as he works his way;
His hoary footſteps ſhine along the ſea;
The foam high-wrought with white divides the gr
And diſtant ſailors point where death has been.
His *like* earth bears not on her ſpacious face;
Alone in nature ſtands his dauntleſs race,
For utter ignorance of fear renown'd,
In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around:
Makes every ſwoln, diſdainful heart, ſubſide,
And holds dominion o'er the ſons of pride.

Then the Chaldæan eas'd his labouring breaſt,
With full conviction of his crime oppreſt.
" Thou canſt accompliſh All things, Lord of Mi
" And every thought is naked to Thy ſight.
" But, oh! Thy ways are wonderful, and lie
" Beyond the deepeſt reach of mortal eye.
" Oft have I heard of Thine Almighty Power;
" But never ſaw Thee till this dreadful hour.
" O'erwhelm'd with ſhame, the Lord of life I ſe
" Abhor myſelf, and give my ſoul to Thee.
" Nor ſhall my weakneſs tempt Thine anger mor
" Man is not made to *queſtion*, but *adore*."

NOT

It is diſputed amongſt the critic
Author of the Book of Job; ſome give
ſome to others. As I was engaged in
formance, ſome arguments occurred to
vour the former of thoſe opinions; and
o not find them mentioned by any one el
g them into the following notes, where I
be expected.

] The Almighty's ſpeech, chapter xxx
is what I paraphraſe in this little wo
ch the fineſt part of the nobleſt and n
em in the world. Biſhop Patrick ſays,
is as much above all other poetry,
louder than a whiſper. In order to
uiſhed part of the Poem in a fuller ligh
e reader a clearer conception of it, I ha
e preceding and ſubſequent parts of th
joined them to it; ſo that this Piece is
bitome of the whole Book of Job.
word *paraphraſe*, becauſe I want

rity. The judicious, if they compare this Piece with the original, will, I flatter myſelf, find the reaſons for the great liberties I have indulged myſelf in through the whole.

Longinus has a chapter on interrogations, which ſhews that they contribute much to the ſublime. This ſpeech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation ſeems, indeed, the proper ſtyle of majeſty incenſed. It differs from other manner of reproof, as bidding a perſon execute himſelf, does from a common execution; for he that aſks the guilty a proper queſtion, makes him, in effect, paſs ſentence on himſelf.

Ver. 41.] The Book of Job is well known to be dramatic, and, like the Tragedies of old Greece, is fiction built on truth. Probably this moſt noble part of it, the Almighty ſpeaking out of the whirlwind (ſo ſuitable to the after-practice of the Greek Stage, when there happened "dignus vindice nodus") is fictitious; but is a fiction more agreeable to the time in which Job lived, than to any ſince. Frequent before the Law were the appearances of the Almighty after this manner, Exod. c. xix. Ezek. c. i. &c. Hence is he ſaid to "dwell in thick darkneſs: and "have his way in the whirlwind."

Ver. 69.] There is a very great air in all that precedes, but this is ſignally ſublime. We are ſtruck with admiration to ſee the vaſt and ungovernable ocean receiving commands, and punctually obeying them; to find it like a managed horſe, raging, toſſing, and foaming,

foaming, but by the rule and direction of its maſter. This paſſage yields in ſublimity to that of "Let there "be light," &c. ſo much only, as the abſolute government of nature yields to the creation of it.

The like ſpirit in theſe two paſſages is no bad concurrent argument, that Moſes is author of the Book of Job.

Ver. 191.] Another argument that Moſes was the author is, that moſt of the creatures here are Egyptian. The reaſon given why the raven is particularly mentioned as an object of the care of Providence, is, becauſe by her clamorous and importunate voice, ſhe particularly ſeems always calling upon it; thence κράζουσιν, à κράξ, Ælian. l. ii. c. 48. is "to aſk earneſtly." And ſince there were ravens on the bank of the Nile more clamorous than the reſt of that ſpecies, thoſe probably are meant in that place.

Ver. 195.] There are many inſtances of this bird's ſtupidity: let two ſuffice. *Firſt*, it covers its head in the reeds, and thinks itſelf all out of ſight:

"Stat lumine clauſo
"Ridendum revoluta caput, creditque latere
"Quæ non ipſa videt." CLAUD.

Secondly, They that go in purſuit of them, draw the ſkin of an Oſtrich's neck on one hand, which proves a ſufficient lure to take them with the other.

They have ſo little brain, that Heliogabulus had ſix hundred heads for his ſupper.

Here we may obſerve, that our judicious as well as ſublime author juſt touches the great points of diſtinc-

Ver. 205.] Here is marked another quality of this creature, which neither flies directly, but has a motion compoſed of uſing its wings as ſails, makes great ſpeed.

" Vaſta velut Libyæ venantûm vocibus ale
" Cum premitur, calidas curſu tranſmittit
" Inque modum veli ſinuatis flamine penn
" Pulverulenta volat." CLAUD

Ver. 206.] Xenophon ſays, Cyrus h that could overtake the goat and the wild none that could reach this creature. A golden ducats, or a hundred camels, was price of a horſe that could equal their ſpeed.

Ver. 207.] Though this bird is but j tioned in my author, I could not forbear goi farther, and ſpreading thoſe beautiful plum are there ſhut up) in half a dozen lines. Th ſtance I have marked of his opening his plum

ſuppoſe the hawk, as well as the crow *abovementioned*, to have been a bird of note in Egypt.

Ver. 227.] The eagle is ſaid to be of ſo acute a ſight, that, when ſhe is ſo high in air that man cannot ſee her, ſhe can diſcern the ſmalleſt fiſh under water. My author accurately underſtood the nature of the creatures he deſcribes, and ſeems to have been a Naturaliſt as well as a Poet, which the next note will confirm.

Ver. 231.] The meaning of this queſtion is. Knoweſt thou the *time* and *circumſtances* of their bringing forth? For to know the time only was eaſy, and had nothing extraordinary in it; but the circumſtances had ſomething peculiarly expreſſive of God's Providence, which makes the queſtion proper in this place. Pliny obſerves, that the hind with young is by inſtinct directed to a certain herb called Seſelis, which facilitates the birth. Thunder alſo (which looks like the more immediate hand of Providence) has the ſame effect. Pſ. xxix. In ſo early an age to obſerve theſe things, may ſtyle our author a Naturaliſt.

Ver. 259.] The deſcription of the horſe is the moſt celebrated of any in the poem. There is an excellent critique on it in the *Guardian*. I ſhall therefore only obſerve that in this deſcription, as in other parts of this ſpeech, our *vulgar tranſlation* has much more ſpirit than the Septuagint; it always takes the original in the moſt poetic and exalted ſenſe, ſo that moſt commentators, even on the Hebrew itſelf, fall beneath it.

Ver. 289.] Purſuing their prey by night is true of moſt wild beaſts, particularly the lion. Pſ. cvi. 20. The Arabians have one among their 500 names for the lion, which ſignifies "the hunter by "moonſhine."

Ver. 332.] "Cepheſi glaciale caput quo ſuetos
"anhelam
"Ferre ſitim Python, amnemque avertere ponto."
STAT. Theb. v. 349.
"Qui ſpiris tegeret montes, hauriret hiatu
"Flumina, &c." CLAUD. Pref. in Ruf.

Let not then this hyperbole ſeem too much for an eaſtern poet, though ſome commentators of name ſtrain hard in this place for a new conſtruction, through fear of it.

Ver. 323.] The taking of the crocodile is moſt difficult. Diodorus ſays, they are not to be taken but by iron nets. When Auguſtus conquered Egypt, he ſtruck a medal, the impreſs of which was a crocodile chained to a palm-tree, with this inſcription, "Nemo "antea religavit."

Ver. 339.] This alludes to a cuſtom of this creature, which is, when fated with fiſh, to come aſhore and ſleep among the reeds.

Ver. 353.] The crocodile's mouth is exceedingly wide. When he gapes, ſays Pliny, "ſit totum os." Martial ſays to his old woman,

"Cùm comparata rictibus tuis ora
"Niliacus habet crocodilus anguſta;"

ſo that the expreſſion here is barely juſt.

Ver.

Ver. 364.] This too is nearer truth than at firſt view may be imagined. The crocodile, ſay the naturaliſts, lying long under water, and being there forced to hold its breath, when it emerges, the breath long repreſt is hot, and burſts out ſo violently, that it reſembles fire and ſmoke. The horſe ſuppreſſes not his breath by any means ſo long, neither is he ſo fierce and animated; yet the moſt correct of poets ventures to uſe the ſame metaphor concerning him:

" Collectumque premens volvit ſub naribus ignem."

By this and the foregoing note I would caution againſt a falſe opinion of the eaſtern boldneſs, from paſſages in them ill underſtood.

Ver. 377.] " His eyes are like the eye-lids " of the morning." I think this gives us as great an image of the thing it would expreſs, as can enter the thought of man. It is not improbable that the Egyptians ſtole their hieroglyphic for the morning, which is the crocodile's eye, from this paſſage, though no commentator, I have ſeen, mentions it. It is eaſy to conceive how the Egyptians ſhould be both readers and admirers of the writings of Moſes, whom I ſuppoſe the author of this poem.

I have obſerved already that three or four of the creatures here deſcribed are Egyptian; the two laſt are notoriouſly ſo, they are the river-horſe and the crocodile, thoſe celebrated inhabitants of the Nile; and on theſe two it is that our author chiefly dwells. It would have been expected from an author more remote from that river than Moſes, in a catalogue of creatures pro-

duced to magnify their Creator, to have dwelt on the two largeſt works of his hand, viz. the elephant and the whale. This is ſo natural an expectation, that ſome commentators have rendered Behemoth and Leviathan, the elephant and whale, though the deſcriptions in our author will not admit of it: but Moſes being, as we may well ſuppoſe, under an immediate terror of the Hippotamus and crocodile, from their daily miſchiefs and ravages around him; it is very accountable why he ſhould permit them to take place.

MISCEL-

MISCELLANIES.

On MICHAEL ANGELO's famous Piece of the CRUCIFIXION;

Who is ſaid to have ſtabbed a Perſon that he might draw it more naturally *.

WHILST his Redeemer on his canvas dies,
Stabb'd at his feet his brother weltering lies:
The daring Artiſt, cruelly ſerene,
Views the pale cheek and the diſtorted mien;
He drains off life by drops, and, deaf to cries,
Examines every ſpirit as it flies:
He ſtudies torment, dives in mortal woe,
To rouze up every pang repeats his blow;
Each riſing agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm tranſplanting to his Saviour's face.
Oh glorious theft! oh nobly wicked draught!
With its full charge of death each feature fraught:
Such wondrous force the magic colours boaſt,
From his own ſkill he ſtarts in horror loſt.

* Though the report was propagated without the leaſt truth, it may be ſufficient ground to juſtify a poetical fancy's enlarging on it.

TO MR. ADDISON,

ON

THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHAT do we ſee! is Cato then become
A greater name in Britain than in Rome?
Does mankind now admire his virtues more,
Though Lucan, Horace, Virgil, wrote before?
How will poſterity this truth explain?
"Cato begins to live in Anna's reign."
The world's great chiefs, in council or in arms,
Riſe in your lines with more exalted charms;
Illuſtrious deeds in diſtant nations wrought,
And virtues by departed heroes taught,
Raiſe in your ſoul a pure immortal flame,
Adorn your life, and conſecrate your fame;
To your renown all ages you ſubdue,
And Cæſar fought, and Cato bled for you.

All Souls Coll. Oxon.

HISTO

HISTORICAL EPILOGUE

TO THE BROTHERS,

A TRAGEDY.

AN *Epilogue*, through cuſtom, is your right,
But ne'er perhaps was *needful* till this night:
To-night the virtuous falls, the guilty flies,
Guilt's dreadful cloſe our narrow ſcene denies.
In hiſtory's authentic record read
What ample vengeance gluts Demetrius' ſhade;
Vengeance ſo great, that when his tale is told,
With pity ſome ev'n Perſeus may behold.

Perſeus ſurviv'd, indeed, and fill'd the throne,
But ceaſeleſs cares in conqueſt made him groan:
Nor reign'd he long; from Rome ſwift thunder flew,
And headlong from his throne the tyrant threw:
Thrown headlong down, by Rome in triumph led,
For *this* night's deed his perjur'd boſom bled:
His brother's ghoſt each moment made him ſtart,
And all his father's anguiſh rent his heart.

When, rob'd in black, his children round him hung,
And their rais'd arms in early ſorrow wrung;
The younger ſmil'd, unconſcious of their woe;
At which thy tears, O Rome! began to flow;
So ſad the ſcene! What then muſt Perſeus feel,
To ſee Jove's race attend the victor's wheel:

To

Far, far from home, and in a ruthless power!
His pale cheek reſted on his ſhameful chain,
No friend to mourn, no flatterer to feign;
No ſuit retards, no comfort ſooths his doom,
And not one tear bedews a monarch's tomb.
Nor ends it thus—dire vengeance to complete,
His ancient empire falling ſhares his fate:
His throne forgot! His weeping country chain
And nations aſk—where Alexander reign'd.
As public woes a prince's crime purſue,
So public bleſſings are his virtue's due.
Shout, Britons, ſhout—auſpicious fortune bleſs
And cry, Long live—*Our title to ſucceſs!*

.ST Britain boaſts her empire o'er the deep,
iis marble ſhall compel the brave to weep:
s Britons, and as ſoldiers, mourn;
leſs, loyal, virtuous Beauclerk's urn.
his manners, as his ſoul was great,
is worth, though immature his fate;
r grace that joy and love inſpires,
mingled with his martial fires:
bid Britannia's thunders roar;
ſtill felt him, when he breath'd no more.

Aubrey Beauclerk was the eighth ſon of
f St. Alban's, who was one of the ſons of
:s the Second. He was born in the year
being regularly bred to the ſea ſervice, in
appointed to the command of his majeſty's
llow Caſtle; and he commanded the Prince
the attack of the harbour of Carthagena,
1741. This young nobleman was one of
omiſing Commanders in the king's ſervice.
he deſperate attack of the caſtle of Boca

EPITAPH

AT WELWYN, HERTFORDSHIR

IF fond of what is rare, attend!
Here lies an *honeſt man*,
Of perfect piety,
Of lamblike patience,
My friend, James Barker;
To whom I pay this mean memorial,
For what deſerves the greateſt.
An example
Which ſhone through all the clouds of fortun
Induſtrious in low eſtate,
The leſſon and reproach of thoſe above him.
To lay this little ſtone
Is my ambition;
While others rear
The poliſh'd marbles of the great!
Vain pomp!
A turf o'er virtue charms us more.

E. Y. 1749.

A LETT

IE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HO
JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq. 1719.

-Tu nunc eris alter ab illo." VIRG.

NG with me in Oxford groves confin'd,
ſocial arts and ſacred friendſhip join'd;
ſorrow, and fair Iſis' boaſt,
1 her ſide, but fortunately loſt;
ted aid, my dear companion! bring,
h me thy departed friend to ſing:
ſ theme! once powerful to inſpire,
to melt, the Muſes' mournful choir:
l now firſt, we freely dare commend
ſt worth: nor ſhall our praiſe offend.
ie bloom'd amid the learned train,
h'd Iſis liſten'd to his ſtrain.
ſhe cry'd, old Maro's Muſe appears,
om her ſlumber of two thouſand years.

The State, when now his rising fame was known
Th' unrival'd genius challeng'd for her own,
Nor would that one, for scenes of action strong,
Should let a life evaporate in song.
As health and strength the brightest charms dispens
Wit is the blossom of the soundest sense:
Yet few, how few, with lofty thoughts inspir'd,
With quickness pointed, and with rapture fir'd,
In conscious pride their own importance find,
Blind to themselves, as the hard world is blind!
Wit they esteem a gay but worthless power,
The slight amusement of a leisure hour;
Unmindful that, conceal'd from vulgar eyes,
Majestic Wisdom wears the bright disguise.
Poor Dido fondled thus, with idle joy,
Dread Cupid, lurking in the Trojan boy;
Lightly she toy'd and trifled with his charms,
And knew not that a god was in her arms.
Who greatest excellence of thought could boast,
In action, too, have been distinguish'd most:
* This Sommers knew, and Addison sent forth
From the malignant regions of the North,
To be matur'd in more indulgent skies,
Where all the vigour of the soul can rise;
Through warmer veins where sprightlier spirits run,
And sense enliven'd sparkles in the sun.

Wi

* Lord Sommers procured a pension for M Addison, which enabled him to prosecute h Travels. R.

With ſecret pain the prudent patriot gave,
The hopes of Britain to the rolling wave,
Anxious, the charge to all the ſtars reſign'd,
And plac'd a confidence in ſea and wind.

Auſonia ſoon receiv'd her wondering gueſt,
And equal wonder in her turn confeſs'd,
To ſee her fervours rival'd by the pole,
Her luſtre beaming from a northern ſoul:
In like ſurprize was her Æneas loſt,
To find his picture grace a foreign coaſt.

Now the wide field of Europe he ſurveys,
Compares her kings, her thrones and empires weighs,
In ripen'd judgment and conſummate thought;
Great work! by Naſſau's favour cheaply bought.

He now returns to Britain a ſupport,
Wiſe in her ſenate, graceful in her court;
And, when the public welfare would permit,
The ſource of learning, and the ſoul of wit.
O Warwick! (whom the Muſe is fond to name,
And kindles, conſcious of her future theme)
O Warwick! by divine contagion bright,
How early didſt thou catch his radiant light!
By him inſpir'd, how ſhine before thy time,
And leave thy years, and leap into thy prime!

On ſome warm bank, thus, fortunately born,
A roſe-bud opens to a ſummer's morn,
Full-blown ere noon her fragrant pride diſplays,
And ſhews th' abundance of her purple rays.

Wit, as her bays, was once a barren tree;
We now, ſurpriz'd, her fruitful branches ſee;

Or, orange-like, till his ſuſpicious time
It grew indeed, but ſhiver'd in our clime:
He firſt the plant to richer gardens led,
And fix'd, indulgent, in a warmer bed:
The nation, pleas'd, enjoys the rich produce,
And gathers from her ornament her uſe.

When looſe from public cares the grove he ſought,
And fill'd the leiſure interval with thought,
The various labours of his eaſy page,
A chance amuſement, poliſh'd half an age.
Beyond this truth old Bards could ſcarce invent,
Who durſt to frame a world by accident.

What he has ſung, how early, and how well,
The Thames ſhall boaſt, and Roman Tiber tell.
A glory more ſublime remains in ſtore,
Since ſuch his talents, that he ſung no more.

No fuller proof of power th' Almighty gave,
Making the ſea, than curbing her proud wave.

Nought can the genius of his works tranſcend,
But their fair purpoſe and important end;
To rouze the war for injur'd Europe's laws,
To ſteel the patriot in great Brunſwick's cauſe;
With virtue's charms to kindle ſacred love,
Or paint th' eternal bowers of bliſs above.
Where hadſt thou room, great Author! where to roll
The mighty theme of an immortal ſoul?
Through paths unknown, unbeaten, whence were brought
Thy proofs ſo ſtrong for immaterial thought?

One

elman, patriot, chriſtian, and the friend I
y ſuch, it borders on diſgrace
ne ſung the beſt of human race.
once join'd, in ſorrow now for years,
in grief, and brother of my tears,
accept this verſe, thy mournful due;
rther ſhalt the ſacred theme purſue;
thy ſtrain deſcribes the matchleſs man,
ſhall ſecond what thy Muſe began.
ſweet the numbers, though a fire divine
ough the whole, and burn in every line,
ives not for that excellence he draws,
d by fame, and ſuffers from applauſe.
aſte to thy illuſtrious taſk; prepare
ole work well truſted to thy care,
ift bequeath'd by Addiſon's command,
ggs made ſacred by his dying hand.
the labours, join the various rays,
tter'd light in one united blaze;
ear to him ſo true, ſo truly lov'd,

Thy love to him is to thy country shown;
He mourns for her, who mourns for Addison

REFLECTIONS

ON THE

PUBLIC SITUATION OF THE KINGDOM,

ADDRESSED TO

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1745.

OF THE KINGDOM.

INSCRIBED TO

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTL

[OLLES! immortal in far more than fame!
Be thou illuſtrious in far more than power.
at things are ſmall when greater riſe to view.
ugh ſtation'd high, and preſs'd with public ca
ain not to peruſe my ſerious ſong,
:h peradventure may puſh by the world:
few moments rob Britannia's weal,
eave Europa's counſels leſs mature!
ou art noble, and the theme is great.
ſhall or Europe or Britannia blame
abſent ear, but gain by the delay.
vers'd in ſenates and in cabinets,
intricate demands and high debates!
u of uſe to thoſe, ſo this to

Far a[illegible] may'ſt give life to virtue's cauſe;
Let [illegible]ies of perſonal regard
Betr[illegible]ation's truſt to feeble hands:
Let [illegible]ented flames of private pique
Prey [illegible] vitals of the public good:
Let not our ſtreets with blaſphemies reſound,
Nor lewdneſs whiſper where the laws can reach:
Let not beſt laws, the wiſdom of our ſires,
Turn ſatires on their ſunk degenerate ſons,
The baſtards of their blood! and ſerve no point
But, with more emphaſis to call them fools:
Let not our rank enormities unſinge
Britannia's welfare from divine ſupport.
Such deeds the miniſter, t[illegible] prince, adorn;
No power is ſhown but in ſuc[illegible]leeds as theſe:
All, all is impotence but acting right;
And where's the ſtateſman but would ſhew his power?
To prince and people thou, of equal zeal!
Be it henceforward but thy ſecond care
To grace thy country, and ſupport the throne;
Though this ſupported, that adorn'd ſo well,
A throne ſuperior our firſt homage claims;
To Cæſar's Cæſar our firſt tribute due:
A tribute which, unpaid, makes ſpecious wrong
And ſplendid ſacrilege of all beſide:
Illuſtrious followers; we muſt firſt be juſt;
And what ſo juſt as awe for the Supreme?
Leſs fear we rugged ruffians of the north,
Than Virtue's well-clad rebels nearer home;
Leſs Loyola's diſguis'd, all-aping ſons,

Than

Than traitors lurking in our appetites;
Leſs all the legions Seine and Tagus ſend,
Than unrein'd paſſions ruſhing on our peace:
Yon' ſavage mountaneers are tame to theſe.
Againſt thoſe rioters ſend forth the laws,
And break to reaſon's yoke their wild careers.
Prudence for all things points the proper hour,
Though ſome ſeem more importunate and great.
Though Britain's generous views and intereſts ſpread
Beyond the narrow circle of her ſhores,
And their grand entries make on diſtant lands;
Though Britain's genius the wide wave beſtrides,
And, like a vaſt Coloſſus, towering ſtands
With one foot planted on the continent;
Yet be not wholly wrapp'd in public cares,
Though ſuch high cares ſhould call as call'd of late;
The cauſe of kings and emperors adjourn,
And Europe's little balance drop a while;
For greater drop it: ponder and adjuſt
The rival intereſts and contending claims
Of life and death, of now and of for-ever;
Sublimeſt theme; and needful as ſublime.
Thus great Eliza's oracles renown'd,
Thus Walſingham and Raleigh (Britain's boaſts!),
Thus every ſtateſman thought that ever—*dy'd.*
There's inſpiration in a ſable hour,
And death's approach makes politicians wiſe.
When, thunderſtruck, that eagle Wolſey fell;
When royal favour, as an ebbing ſea,
Like a leviathan, his grandeur left,

His gaſping grandeur! naked on the ſtrand,
Naked of human, doubtful of divine,
Aſſiſtance; no more wallowing in his wealth,
Spouting proud foams of inſolence no more,
On what, then, ſmote his heart, uncardinal'd,
And ſunk beneath the level of a man?
On the grand article, the ſum of things!
The point of the firſt magnitude! that point
Tubes mounted in a court, but rarely reach;
Some painted cloud ſtill intercepts their ſight.
Firſt right to judge; then chuſe; then perſevere,
Stedfaſt, as if a crown or miſtreſs call'd.—
Theſe, theſe are politicks will ſtand the teſt,
When finer politics their maſters ſting,
And ſtateſmen fain would ſhrink to common men.
Theſe, theſe are politics will anſwer now,
(When common men would fain to ſtateſmen ſwell
Beyond a Machiavel's or Tencin's ſcheme.
All ſafety reſts on honeſt counſels: theſe
Immortalize the ſtateſman, bleſs the ſtate,
Make the prince triumph, and the people ſmile;
In peace rever'd, or terrible in arms,
Cloſe-leagued with an invincible aſſy,
Which honeſt counſels never fail to fix
In favour of an unabandon'd land;
A land—that ſtarts at ſuch a land as this,
A parliament, ſo principled, will ſink
All ancient ſchools of empire in diſgrace,
And Britain's glory, riſing from the dead,
Will fill the world, loud Fame's ſuperior ſong.

ur'd of the glorious face of death.
—there 's noble magic in the ſound,
illuſtrious images ariſe!
ed, round me, blaze the pomps of war!
by land, at home, in foreign climes,
ll-blown laurels on our fathers brows!
ot trophies! and imperial ſpoils!
!—aſtoniſhing to modern ſight!
t leaſt, enjoy you in a dream.
h? Stay, ye godlike ſtrangers! ſtay.
—I wrong my countrymen: they wake;
the pulſe: the noble pulſe of war
at ancient meaſure, that grand march,
prevail'd, when Britain higheſt ſoar'd,
attle paid for heroes ſlain.
great fore-fathers ſtain our cheeks
s; their renown our ſhame no more.
rb, and ſudden arms,
Britain; croſiers are laid by:
the ſwor

With all the weight of Britiſh wrath, to cleave
The papal mitre, or the Gallic chain,
At every ſtroke, and ſave a ſinking land?
Or death or victory muſt be ready'd;
To dream of mercy, O how tame! how mad!
Where, o'er black deeds the cruciſix diſplay'd,
Fools think heaven purchas'd by the blood they ſhed;
By giving, not ſupporting, pains the death!
Nor ſimple death! where they the greateſt ſaints
Who moſt ſubdue all tenderneſs of heart;
Students in torture! where, in zeal to ſhun,
Whoſe darling title is The Prince of Peace,
The beſt turn ruthleſs butchers for our bleſs;
To ſave us in a world they recommend,
And yet forbear, themſelves with earth content;
What modeſty!—ſuch virtues Rome adorn!
And chiefly thoſe who Rome's firſt honours wear,
Whoſe name from Jeſus, and whoſe hearts from hell!
And ſhall a Pope-bred princeling crawl aſhore,
Replete with venom, guiltleſs of a ſting,
And whiſtle cut-throats, with thoſe ſwords that ſcrap'd
Their barren rocks for wretched ſuſtenance,
To cut his paſſage to the Britiſh throne?
One that has ſuck'd-in malice with his milk,
Malice to Britain, Liberty, and Truth?
Leſs ſavage was his brother-robber's nurſe,
The howling nurſe of plundering Romulus,
Ere yet far worſe than Pagan harbour'd there.
Hail to the brave! be Britain Britain ſtill:
Britain! high favour'd of indulgent heaven!

ircling current in a nation's veins,
high bloom on the fair face of peace!
nce ſo celebrated ſeat of power,
vhich eſcap'd the mighty Cæſar triumph'd!
lic lilies this eternal blaſt!
rror of armadas! this true bolt
l-temper'd, to repreſs the vain
an thunders from the papal chair!
ll iſle wide-realm'd monarchs eye with awe
ys to their ambition's foaming waves,
ſar, nor farther!"—Let her hold, in life,
ear disjoin'd from freedom and renown;
our anceſtors' great legacy,
ſinitted to their lateſt ſons.
ts inglorious, and un-Britiſh deeds,
el'd will is impiouſly profan'd,
diſturb'd their ſacred duſt.
ed duſt with recent laurels crown,
valour won. This ſacred iſle,
continent

Sifted from errors, purify'd by flames,
Like gold, to take anew Truth's heavenly ſtamp,
And (riſing both in luſtre and in weight)
With her bleſs'd Maſter's unmaim'd image ſhine;
Why ſhould ſhe longer droop? why longer act
As an accomplice with the plots of Rome?
Why longer lend an edge to Bourbon's ſword,
And give him leave, among his daſtard troops,
To muſter that ſtrong ſuccour, Albion's crimes?
Send his ſelf-impotent ambition aid,
And crown the conqueſt of her fierceſt foes?
Where are her foes moſt fatal? Bluſhing Truth,
"In her friends' vices,"—with a ſigh replies.
Empire on virtue's rock unſhaken ſtands;
Flux as the billows, when in vice diſſolv'd.
If heaven reclaims us by the ſcourge of war,
What thanks are due to Paris and Madrid?
Would they a revolution?—Aid their aim,
But be the revolution—in our hearts!

Would'ſt thou (whoſe hand is at the helm) the bark,
The ſhaken bark of Britain, ſhould out-ride
The preſent blaſt, and every future ſtorm?
Give it that balaſt which alone has weight
With Him whom wind, and waves, and war, obey.
Perſiſt. Are others ſubtle? thou be wiſe:
Above the Florentine's court-ſcience raiſe;
Stand forth a patriot of the moral world;
The pattern, and the patron, of the juſt:
Thus ſtrengthen Britain's military ſtrength;
Give its own terror to the ſword ſhe draws.

takes away the keeneſt edge of battle,
ves the ſword commiſſion to deſtroy;
blaſts, or bids the martial laurel bloom—
culated, then, moſt manly might;
though the might remains, it nought avails:
wither'd weakneſs foils the ſinewy arm
nan's meridian and high-hearted power:
naval thunders, and our tented fields
travel'd banners fanning ſouthern climes,
t do they? This; and more what can they do
n heap'd the meaſure of a kingdom's crimes,
prince moſt dauntleſs, the firſt plume of war,
uch bold inroads into foreign lands,
elongation of our armaments,
ſtretches out the guilty nation's neck,
ile heaven commands her executioner,
e leſs abandon'd nation, to diſcharge
full-ripe vengeance in a final blow,
l tell the world, "Not ſtrong is human ſtrengt

Though cover'd various oceans with thy fleets,
Though fenc'd with rocks, and moated by the main,
Thy trust repose in a far stronger guard;
In Him, who thee, though naked, could defend;
Though weak, could strengthen; ruin'd, could refore.
How oft, to tell what arm defends thine isle,
To guard her welfare, and yet check her pride,
Have the winds snatch'd the victory from war?
Or, rather, won the day, when war despair'd?
How oft has providential succour aw'd,
Aw'd while it bless'd us, conscious of our guilt;
Struck dead all confidence in human aid,
And, while we triumph'd, made us tremble too!
Well may we tremble now; what manners reign!
But wherefore ask we, when a true reply
Would shock too much? Kind heaven! avert events
Whose fatal nature might reply too plain!
Heaven's half-bar'd arm of vengeance has been wav'd
In northern skies, and pointed to the south.
Vengeance delay'd but gathers and ferments;
More formidably blackens in the wind;
Brews deeper draughts of unrelenting wrath,
And higher charges the suspended storm.
"That public vice portends a public fall"—
Is this conjecture of adventurous thought?
Or pious coward's pulpit-cushion'd dream;
Far from it. This is certain; this is fate.
What says Experience, in her awful chair
Of ages, her authentic annals spread
Around her? What says Reason eagle-eyed?

Nay,

Nay, what ſays Common Senſe, with common care
Weighing events, and cauſes, in her ſcale?
All give one verdict, one deciſion ſign;
And this the ſentence Delphos could not mend:
"Whatever ſecondary props may riſe
"From politics, to build the public peace,
"The baſis is the manners of the land.
"When rotten theſe, the politician's wiles
"But ſtruggle with deſtruction, as a child
"With giants huge, or giants with a Jove.
"The ſtateſman's arts to conjure up a peace,
"Or military phantoms void of force,
"But ſcare away the vultures for an hour;
"The ſcent cadaverous (for, oh! how rank
"The ſtench of profligates!) ſoon lures them back;
"On the proud flutter of a Gallic wing
"Soon they return; ſoon make their full deſcent;
"Soon glut their rage, and riot in our ruin;
"Their idols grac'd and gorgeous with our ſpoils,
"Of univerſal empire ſure preſage!
"Till now repell'd by ſeas of Britiſh blood."
And whence the manners of the multitude?
The colours of their manners, black or fair,
Falls from above; from the complexion falls
Of ſtate Othellos, or white men in power:
And from the greater height example falls,
Greater the weight, and deeper its impreſs
In ranks inferior, paſſive to the ſtroke:
From the court-mint, of hearts the current coin,
The pupil preſſes, but the pattern drives.

What bonds then, bonds how manifold, and ſtrong
To duty, double duty, are the great!
And are there Samſons that can burſt them all?
Yes; and great minds that ſtand in need of none,
Whoſe pulſe beats virtues, and whoſe generous blood
Aids mental motives to puſh on renown,
In emulation of their glorious ſires,
From whom rolls down the conſecrated ſtream.
Some ſow good ſeeds in the glad people's hearts,
Some curſed tares, like Satan in the text:
This makes a foe moſt fatal to the ſtate;
A foe who (like a wizard in his cell)
In his dark cabinet of crooked ſchemes,
Reſembling Cuma's gloomy grot, the forge
Of boaſted oracles, and real lies,
(Aided, perhaps, by ſecond-ſighted Scots,
French Magi, relics riding poſt from Rome,
A Gothic hero * riſing from the dead,
And changing for ſpruce plaid his dirty ſhroud,
With ſuccour ſuitable from lower ſtill)
A foe who, theſe concurring to the charm,
Excites thoſe ſtorms that ſhall o'erturn the ſtate,
Rend up her ancient honours by the root,
And lay the boaſt of ages, the rever'd
Of nations, the dear-bought with ſumleſs wealth
And blood illuſtrious, (ſpite of her La Hogues,
Her Creſſeys, and her Blenheims) in the duſt.
How muſt this ſtrike a horror through the breaſt,
Through

* The invader affects the character of Charles XII. of Sweden.

Through every generous breaſt where honour reigns,
Through every breaſt where honour claims a ſhare!
Yes, and through every breaſt of honour void!
This thought might animate the dregs of men;
Ferment them into ſpirit; give them fire
To fight the cauſe, the black opprobrious cauſe,
Foul core of all! corruption at our hearts.
What wreck of empire has the ſtream of time
Swept, with her vices, from the mountain height
Of grandeur, deify'd by half mankind,
To dark oblivion's melancholy lake,
Or flagrant infamy's eternal brand!
Thoſe names, at which ſurrounding nations ſhook,
Thoſe names ador'd, a nuiſance! or forgot!
Nor this the caprice of a doubtful dye,
But nature's courſe; no ſingle chance againſt it.
For know, my Lord! 'tis writ in adamant,
'Tis fixt, as is the baſis of the world,
Whoſe kingdoms ſtand or fall by the decree.
What ſaw theſe eyes, ſurpriz'd?—Yet why ſurpriz'd?—
For aid divine the criſis ſeem'd to call,
And how divine was the monition given!
As late I walk'd the night in troubled thought,
My peace diſturb'd by rumours from the North,
While thunder o'er my head, portentous, roll'd,
As giving ſignal of ſome ſtrange event,
And ocean groan'd beneath for her he lov'd,
Albion the fair! ſo long his empire's queen,
Whoſe reign is, now, conteſted by her foes,
On her white cliffs (a tablet broad and bright,

Strongly reflecting the pale lunar ray)
By fate's own iron pen. I saw it write,
And thus the title ran:

THE STATESMAN'S CREED.

"Ye states! and empires! nor of empires least,
"Though least in size; hear, Britain! thou whose lot,
"Whose final lot, is in the balance laid!
"Irresolutely play the doubtful scales,
"Nor know'st thou which will win.—Know this
from me,
"As govern'd well or ill, states sink or rise:
"State-ministers, as upright or corrupt,
"Are balm or poison in a nation's veins;
"Health or distemper; hasten or retard
"The period of her pride, her day of doom:
"And though, for reasons obvious to the wise,
"Just Providence deals otherwise with men,
"Yet believe, Britons! nor too late believe,
"'Tis fix'd! by Fate irrevocably fix'd!
"Virtue and Vice are empire's life and death."
Thus it is written —Heard you not a groan?
Is Britain on her death bed?—No, that groan
Was utter'd by her foes.—But soon the scale,
If this divine monition is despis'd,
May turn against us. Read it, ye who rule!
With reverence read; with stedfastness believe;
With courage act as such belief inspires;
Then shall your glory stand like Fate's decree;
Then shall your name in adamant be writ,

In

In records that defy the tooth of time,
By nations ſav'd, reſounding your applauſe.
  While deep beyond your monument's proud baſe,
In black Oblivion's kennel, ſhall be trod
Their execrable names, who, high in power,
And deep in guilt, moſt ominouſly ſhine,
(The meteors of the ſtate!) give Vice her head,
To licenſe lewd let looſe the public rein;
Quench every ſpark of conſcience in the land,
And triumph in the profligate's applauſe:
Or who to the firſt bidder ſell their ſouls,
Their country ſell, ſell all their fathers bought
With funds exhauſted and exhauſted veins,
To demons, by his Holineſs ordain'd
To propagate the goſpel—penn'd at Rome;
Hawk'd through the world by conſecrated bulls;
And how illuſtrated?—by Smithfield flames:
Who plunge (but not like Curtius) down the gulf,
Down narrow-minded ſelf's voracious gulf,
Which gapes, and ſwallows all they ſwore to ſave:
Hate all that lifted heroes into gods,
And hug the horrors of a victor's chain:
Of bodies politic that deſtin'd hell,
Inflicted here, ſince here their beings end;
And fall from foes deteſted and deſpis'd,
On diſbelievers—of the Sateſman's Creed.
  Note, here, my Lord (unnoted yet it lies
By moſt, or all) theſe truths political
Serve more than public ends: this Creed of States
Seconds, and irreſiſtibly ſupports,

The Chriſtian Creed. Are you ſurpriz'd?—Attend;
And on the ſtateſman's build a nobler name.
This punctual juſtice exercis'd on ſtates,
With which authentic chronicle abounds,
As all men know, and therefore muſt believe;
This vengeance pour'd on nations ripe in guilt,
Pour'd on them here, where only they exiſt,
What is it but an argument of ſenſe,
Or rather demonſtration, to ſupport
Our feeble faith—"That they who ſtates compoſe,
"That men who ſtand not bounded by the grave,
"Shall meet like meaſure at their proper hour?"
For God is equal, ſimilarly deals
With ſtates and perſons, or he were not God;
What means a rectitude immutable?
A pattern ſure of univerſal right.
What, then, ſhall reſcue an abandon'd man?
Nothing, it is reply'd. Reply'd, by whom?
Reply'd by politicians well as prieſts:
Writ ſacred ſet aſide, mankind's own writ,
The whole world's annals; theſe pronounce his doom.
Thus (what might ſeem a daring paradox)
Ev'n politics advance divinity:
True maſters there are better ſcholars here.
Who travel hiſtory in queſt of ſchemes
To govern nations, or perhaps oppreſs,
May there ſtart truths that other aims inſpire,
And, like Candace's eunuch, as they read,
By Providence turn Chriſtians on their road:
Digging for ſilver, they may ſtrike on gold;

May

May be ſurpriz'd with better than they ſought,
And entertain an angel unawares.
  Nor is Divinity ungrateful found.
As politics advance divinity,
Thus, in return, divinity promotes
True politics, and crowns the ſtateſman's praiſe.
All wiſdoms are but branches of the chief,
And ſtateſmen ſound but ſhoots of honeſt men.
Are this world's witchcrafts pleaded in excuſe
For deviations in our moral line?
This, and the next world, view'd with ſuch an eye
As ſuits a ſtateſman, ſuch as keeps in view
His own exalted ſcience, both conſpire
To recommend and fix us in the right.
If we reward the politics of heaven,
The grand adminiſtration of the whole,
What 's the next world? A ſupplement of this:
Without it, Juſtice is defective here;
Juſt as to ſtates, defective as to men:
If ſo, what is this world? as ſure as Right
Sits in heaven's throne, a prophet of the next.
Prize you the prophet? then believe him too:
His prophecy more precious than his ſmile.
How comes it then to paſs, with moſt on earth,
That this ſhould charm us, that ſhould diſcompoſe?
Long as the ſtateſman finds this caſe his own,
So long his politics are uncomplete;
In danger he; nor is the nation ſafe,
But ſoon muſt rue his inauſpicious power.
  What hence reſults? a truth that ſhould reſound
For ever awful in Britannia's ear:

" Religion crowns the ſtateſman and the man,
" Sole ſource of public and of private peace."
This truth all men muſt own, and therefore will,
And praiſe and preach it too:—and when that 's done,
Their compliment is paid, and 'tis forgot.
What highland pole-axe half ſo deep can wound?
But how dare I, ſo mean, preſume ſo far?
Aſſume my ſeat in the Dictator's chair?
Pronounce, predict (as if indeed inſpir'd),
Promulge my cenſures, lay out all my throat,
Till hoarſe in clamour on enormous crimes?
Two mighty columns riſe in my ſupport;
In their more awful and authentic voice,
Record profane and ſacred, drown the Muſe,
Though loud, and far out-threat her threatening ſong.
Still farther, Holles! ſuffer me to plead
That I ſpeak freely, as I ſpeak to thee.
Guilt only ſtartles at the name of guilt;
And truth, plain truth, is welcome to the wiſe.
Thus what ſeem'd my preſumption is thy praiſe.
Praiſe, and immortal praiſe, is Virtue's claim;
And Virtue's ſphere is action: yet we grant
Some merit to the trumpet's loud alarm,
Whoſe clangor kindles cowards into men.
Nor ſhall the verſe, perhaps, be quite forgot,
Which talks of immortality, and bids,
In every Britiſh breaſt, true glory riſe,
As now the warbling lark awakes the morn.
To cloſe, my Lord! with that which all ſhould cloſe
And all begin, and ſtrike us every hour,

Though

Though no war wak'd us, no black tempeſt frown'd.—
The morning riſes gay; yet gayeſt morn
Leſs glorious after night's incumbent ſhades;
Leſs glorious far bright Nature, rich array'd
With golden robes, in all the pomp of noon,
Than the firſt feeble dawn of Moral day?
Sole day, (let thoſe whom ſtateſmen ſerve attend)
Though the ſun ripens diamonds for their crowns;
Sole day worth his regard whom heaven ordains,
Undarken'd, to behold noon dark, and date,
From the ſun's death, and every planet's fall,
His all-illuſtrious and eternal year;
Where ſtateſmen and their monarchs, (names of awe
And diſtance here) ſhall rank with common men,
Yet own their glory never dawn'd before.

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